

6d

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16 1952

6d

PUNCH



APRIL
16
1952

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No. 5817

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



HOW do you choose wine? Do you go by the foreign language on the label or do you know enough about wine to judge it on its merits?

Here's how experts judge wine. They hold it up to the light: its colour is a guide to its maturity. They "breath-in" its bouquet: its aroma is as important as fragrance is to a flower. They take a sip and savour it on their palates: flavour and "character" are the final points. By all these tests, experts, with the world's wines to choose from, have awarded gold medals to a wine with a label in English — SEPPELTS IMPERIAL RESERVE PARA.

Here's the story behind this wine. Just over a hundred years ago, Joseph Seppelt, a Silesian with wine-making in his blood, arrived in Australia. There he discovered the wine country of his dreams — with all the good features of the finest vineyards of home, and none

of their drawbacks. The soil was rich, the climate dry, the sunshine certain; and phylloxera (the vine pest which ravaged European vineyards) did not exist. He imported prize European vines, planted them and founded Seppeltsfield.

Today, the fourth generation of the Seppelt family is making wine in the vineyards Joseph Seppelt planted in 1851 — vineyards which are now older than many in Europe. With the tradition of a hundred years of wine-making behind them, in a pest-free land where every year is a vintage year, Seppelts wines — notably IMPERIAL RESERVE PARA — challenge comparison with the finest from any country. "Port" in all but name (IMPERIAL RESERVE PARA cannot be called Port because it does not come from Portugal) this fine wine, tawny in colour, light-bodied and clean in flavour, with a character bordering on that of a liqueur, is the accompaniment to dessert sought after by wine lovers who know.

Among the wine stores which sell SEPPELTS IMPERIAL RESERVE PARA are Selfridges, Whiteleys, Bentalls of Kingston, branches of the Victoria Wine Co., Ltd., Thresher & Co., Ltd., and other good wine merchants, whose numbers are growing daily. The price of 17/- is, thanks to Imperial Preference, lower than European wine of comparable quality.

B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd., 88 Cunard Street, London, E.C.4.

Mind your eyes EVERY DAY



Be like the perfect secretary — who notes what commonsense dictates — and include eye-care in your daily bathroom routine: it's very important. Your eyes inevitably pick up those tiny particles of dirt and dust which are ever present in the atmosphere while at the same time they have to contend with all the strains and stresses of modern conditions. How good for them to be cleaned and refreshed with an Optrex eye bath! And Optrex will not only cleanse your eyes but, if you have any minor eye trouble, it will quickly clear that up as well. For your sight's sake, use Optrex daily and look your best.



Optrex

Buy and save the OPTREX EYE BATH. Anatomically designed, it fits your eye — and fits the top of the bottle. Use Optrex eye compresses too, for special occasions.

the EYE LOTION

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 2/6 · 4/4 · 10/-

"I'd really prefer a Gin and VOTRIX"



VOTRIX Vermouth

SWEET 10/- DRY 12/6



A bright and healthy home in every tin.



Mansion is made from the finest waxes obtainable, refined and specially blended to a consistency which makes application easy and economical. It ensures a hard and extremely lasting brilliance to floors and furniture and its thorough cleansing properties maintain the highest standard of hygiene in the home.

Tins 10d., 1/6 and 3/9

For Dark Floors use DARK MANSION



See for yourself

When you have a moment to spare, drop into your local branch of the Westminster Bank and look around. You will find among the many customers several whose circumstances are clearly much the same as your own. Some of them, perhaps, may be known to you, but all of them 'bank with the Westminster' because they know from first-hand experience how useful the services of the Bank can be. They know, too, that the friendly welcome which they receive is in no way conditioned by the size of the transaction. Might it not be that the Westminster could become your Bank too? The Manager of any branch will be glad to tell you more about it.

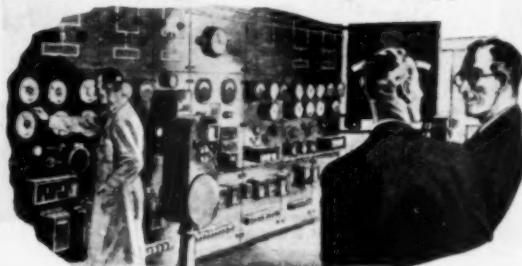
WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

...and not a penny on battery repairs in 12 years?*

Yes—AND 740 cells in use

What's so special about Nife?

They're made of STEEL—an engineering job



★ These are the actual details of the performance of Nife batteries operated by a Municipal Authority.

Every Nife battery is a superb example of precision engineering in steel. This technical perfection is the reason why there is 'longer life in a Nife'—and almost complete freedom from replacement costs.

ROBUST CONSTRUCTION
Made of steel—case and plates—a Nife battery has enormous mechanical strength.

COMPLETE RELIABILITY The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative—so that the battery does not deteriorate even during long periods of inactivity. It will withstand the heaviest rates of charge or discharge—and recover its voltage almost immediately.

SIMPLE MAINTENANCE A Nife is, for all practical purposes, free from self-discharge—the steel plates cannot buckle or shed active material and there is no corrosion of terminals

(N.B. Nife Batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radios.)

NIFE STEEL BATTERIES
REPAY THEIR ORIGINAL COST MANY TIMES OVER

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NOSA

THE HOUSEHOLD NAME
OF A SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

Brown & Polson STARCH PRODUCTS

IN SUGAR CONFECTIONERY



THE largest single use of glucose is to improve the products of the sugar-confectionery trade—boiled sweets, in particular. Every day, millions of young hearts are rejoiced by the sight of gay glass jars in sweet-shop windows, full of brightly-coloured 'cushions' of flavoured sugar, clear and translucent as the jars that display them.

But boiled sweets did not always shine so bright. Once (long ago, it is true) the sugar confectioners were vexed by the crystallising of the sugar in their sweets, which dulled their surfaces and spoiled their translucency. The first attempt to cure the trouble was by adding cream of tartar and so 'inverting' enough of the sugar to prevent crystallisation. That did stop the crystallising to some extent, but invert sugar is hygroscopic—it absorbs atmospheric moisture, and makes the sweets that contain it damp and sticky.

Glucose as a Crystal Inhibitor

Later, glucose was used instead of cream of tartar, with complete success. The glucose, itself an energy-providing food, affords a colloidal medium in which sugar crystals cannot form, and keeps the wares in the sweet-shop windows permanently bright.

The provision of glucose for confectioners to use as a crystal-inhibiting medium is one example of the varied services that the Brown & Polson Group performs for many widely different industries, and is ready to perform wherever opportunity exists. Enquiries will be answered by responsible experts. They should be addressed to:

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The Industrial Division of

Brown & Polson

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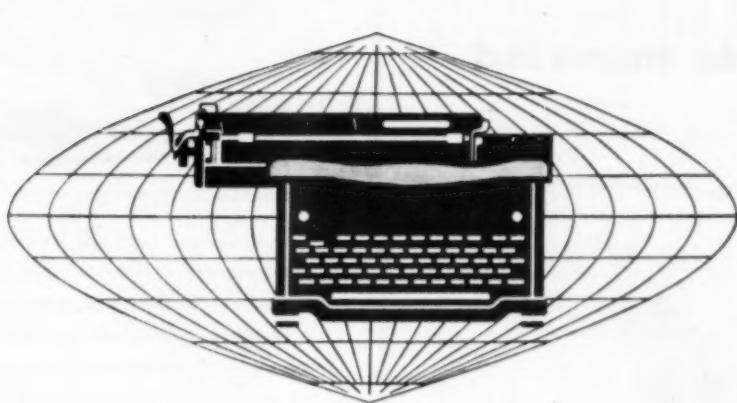
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economy**

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'General'
insurance overseas

THE EXPORT STORY

The insurance 'exports' of the 'General' play a valuable part in Britain's economy, bringing to Great Britain the dollar earnings so necessary for our industry and trade. Now one of the largest dollar earners amongst British Insurance Companies, the 'General' continues to increase its overseas business thanks

to a policy of independent underwriting, and to quick decisions and fair claims settlements.

Incidentally, the 'General's' world-wide premium income of £29,384,900* for fire, accident and marine insurance is in keeping with its position right in the front rank of the big British Companies.

*1950 figure.

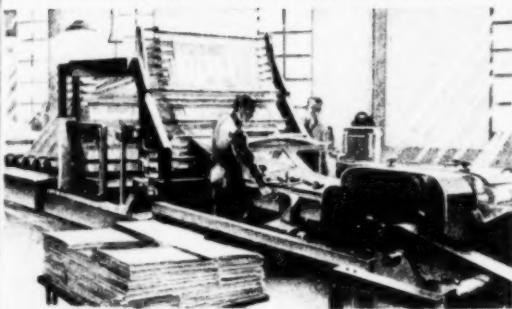
General

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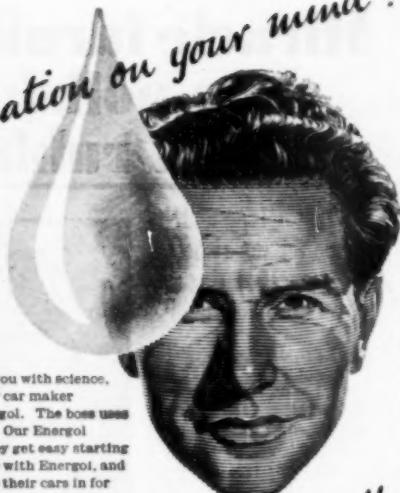
Medway Paper Sacks manufacture every type of multi-wall sack—sewn, pasted and stapled, valved and open-ended—including the Medway SealSack. Please write for details of Medway sack filling and closing machines and free packaging advisory service.

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Use ENERGOL motor oil

Recommended by Rolls-Royce and Leading Car Manufacturers
PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED



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— and so is this —

On wet roads, safe tyres are of vital importance. Even with good brakes, stopping distances are greatly affected by the condition of the tyres, as the diagram shows. Have you examined your tyres lately?

122 FEET WITH SAFE TYRES



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(Overall stopping distances at 40 m.p.h.)

JOHN BULL TYRES

Safe and Sound

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John Bull Rubber Co. Ltd., Leicester



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and you hold up
STEEL PRODUCTION

Search out every ton of scrap in your works and turn it in. Old plant, redundant buildings, machines and spares—it's all wanted back in the steelworks to keep up steel production. Round it up and put it in the hands of your local scrap merchant. It will go to make the new steel that you and every other steel user need so urgently.

Scrap merchants are glad to help with dismantling and collection.

**WHEREVER YOUR
NEW STEEL** comes from, please return your scrap to merchants in your own locality. That will save unnecessary transport, and time, before the old scrap is turned into the new steel all steel users want.

SPEED THE SCRAP
SPEED THE STEEL



Issued for the **STEEL SCRAP DRIVE** by the
British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

Churlish Char becomes a 'regular' daily help



That Mrs. Dogsbody, my daily. The only serious chattering she does is with my precious tea ration. "Er... good morning?" I mumble hopefully.

"For some, maybe," sniffed Mrs. D., "but not for me. It's me usual trouble—constipation. I can't hardly stay on me poor feet."

"30 poor feet, if you ask me," I said.

"Beg pardon?" grumped Mrs. D.

"Just as I said," I said. "Your trouble starts in that 30-ft. length of piping inside you, which all your food has to go through. And it's because the soft, starchy stuff we eat nowadays doesn't give your intestinal muscles anything to pull on. When they stop working properly it causes—"

"Ere, go slow!" panted Mrs. D.

"Yes indeed," I cried, "it does cause a go-slow—in your inside. And it's then, when your system isn't working to rule, that you get constipated. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"I don't hold with medicines," growled Mrs. D.

"You don't have to," I said. "All you need is All-Bran for breakfast. It'll give those muscles of yours all the bulk they need to work on. It's delicious and it'll make you 'regular'."

"Humph!" puffed Mrs. D., and as chars go she went.

That was Thursday. When Monday came, enter a new Mrs. D., a dust-defying, clean-sweeping domestic operative! "Good morning," I cried. "Can you do me now?"

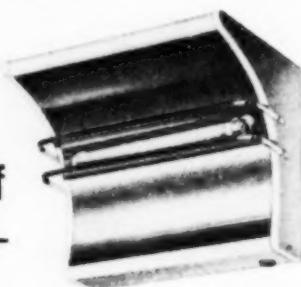
"Try to stop me!" caroled Mrs. D. "I feel wonderful. That All-Bran's made me 'regular' in three days. It's been the making of me!"

"A perfect treasure," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system 'bulk' to prevent constipation. Its 'bulk' enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in biscuits or cakes. All grocers have it.

The height of comfort—



a SOLECTRA flood-heater

Having a Solectra flood-heater is like having your own personal sun. Fixed high on the wall, its genial warmth is thrown far and wide over the room by the specially designed reflector. Here is the perfect source of warmth for nurseries, bathrooms,

kitchens, village and church halls and indeed wherever it is safer or sounder to leave the floor space clear. In cream stove enamel with polished reflector, the Solectra flood heater costs £6. 5. 9. (inc. tax), 1 Kw loading. Ask to see it at your local Electricity Showrooms.

The Bratt Colbran SOLECTRA flood-heater

BRATT COLBRAN LTD., Showrooms: 16 Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Telephone: MUSEUM 9411; also makers of gas fires, electric fires and solid fuel fires. Scottish Showrooms: A. Caldwell Young & Son, 200 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2. Northern Ireland: J. C. Holland & Co. Ltd., 48 Bedford Street, Belfast.

Miracle furniture wax polishes without rubbing!

Just spread and wipe for the richest, longest-lasting wax polish of all!

YES, Johnson's Pride really is a miracle! It is a completely new and different type of furniture wax that takes all the hard work out of polishing. You simply spread Pride on your furniture . . . let it dry . . . then wipe lightly. That's all! In seconds — with no rubbing at all — your furniture gleams with the richest lustre you've ever seen on wood!

And that lustre protects your fine furniture, simply because Pride is a wax and gives the hardest, smoothest, most lasting wax-finish ever known — so protective that spilled foods, even hot liquids, can be wiped off without marking. And you don't have to re-polish a Pride surface — a light dusting keeps it shining-clean.

Pride is economical, too — one 5/- bottle is enough to wax your entire home, giving your furniture the richest, most beautiful lustre ever, and saving you time and trouble for months to come. Get your Pride today!



AMAZINGLY EASY TO USE!

With Pride there is no rubbing at all — no more old-fashioned hard work. Pride gives a genuine hard wax protection — leaves no smears, cannot catch dust, resists finger-marks and lasts for months.

ON WHAT SURFACES CAN PRIDE BE USED?

Pride is recommended for all finished and polished surfaces, such as furniture, woodwork, panelled walls. Excellent, too, for refrigerators, stoves, metal furniture, chrome fittings, silverware, leather-topped tables, etc. Pride should not be used on plastics.

PRIDE CAN BE USED AS A CLEANER, TOO!

Pride is wonderful, too, for removing grease and spilled food. For cleaning dirty or greasy surfaces rub in Pride and wipe off. Then re-apply thinly.



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Pride

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what person or fabric is worth all that?
Susan and nylon are worth all that . . . she
will be married and nylon will last.

The two yards bought in '49 . . . the nightdress
length in June . . . like this, here and there,
they are the beginning of a wardrobe of

Nylon

who wouldn't want a wardrobe of long-lasting,
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★ Put yourself among the many famous sportsmen—like Henry Cotton—who always wear and recommend Grenfell. Ever since it was designed for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Grenfell Cloth has been chosen by great explorers and great sportsmen because it combines maximum protection with minimum weight.



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2 'Classic' laces remain tidy and firmly tied all day.

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5 'Classic' laces are the product of 70 years' experience.

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Classic
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clear case
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Obtainable from good ironmongers and hardware dealers.
Now in short supply—but deliveries will be made in strict rotation.

**This has
got to STOP**



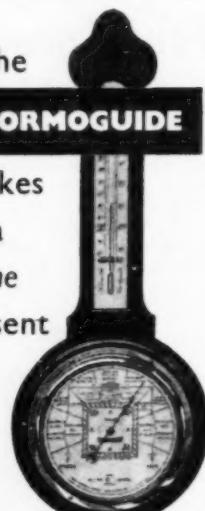
YOU can help to stop it!

Should squirrels be set alight? Or scores of unwanted tortoises be stoned to death? Or cats be mass-murdered for their valuable skins? Or jackdaws tongues slit to make them talk? Or dogs be kept on too-short chains for weeks on end? If you doubt that these things happen the RSPCA can quickly convince you to the contrary. More RSPCA inspectors are urgently needed to keep these and numberless other cruelties in check. Please help now by sending a donation, or keeping a collecting box. Write to-day to: The Chief Secretary, RSPCA, (Dept. P.), 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

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R.S.V.P.

Our social intercourse is peppered with these little formal Gallicisms. French is, indeed, not only the language of formality—the diplomatic language—but, pre-eminently, it is the language of the table. It is the language of the *connoisseur*, the *gourmet*; it is the language of the *carte du jour*; that being so, it is the language of the *chef de cuisine* below stairs in the Connaught Rooms. Here, where no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous banqueting halls are gathered together under one roof, London enjoys a veritable *chef d'œuvre* every night: it is an amenity which has no equal anywhere on earth.

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World-wide and Handsome



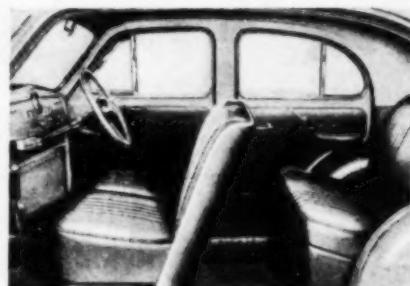
YOU'LL LIKE EVERYTHING ABOUT THE

NEW AUSTIN A40 SOMERSET

You'll like the Somerset's graceful new styling. You'll like its new refinements . . . the deep, curved windscreen and rear window . . . push button door handles with safety locks at rear . . . steering column gear control.

You'll like the extra comfort . . . luxurious, foam rubber seating in leather . . . more room all round.

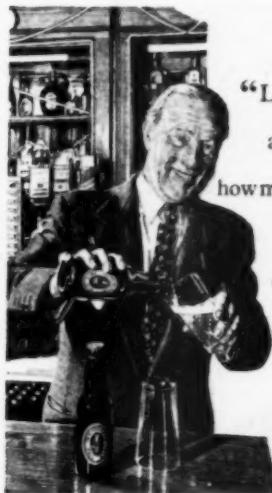
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[PRINT 81]



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18



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Any of your friends who have flown on the *Monarch* will tell you how thoroughly enjoyable this de-luxe Stratocruiser service is. They will tell you about the double-decked spaciousness and the attentive service. They will remember the complimentary 7-course dinner with cocktails, wine including champagne, and liqueurs. They will tell you about the fun they had in the lower-deck lounge. And about the good night's sleep they enjoyed in a foam-soft private berth that cost so little extra. Perhaps they'll show you the Overnight Bag every passenger receives, and the Elizabeth Arden Beauty Kit given to each lady. Then you'll understand why the *Monarch* is first choice with more and more transatlantic travellers.

This de-luxe Monarch service is additional to normal First Class B.O.A.C. Services by Stratocruiser and Tourist Class Services by Constellation (starting 1st May), to New York and Montreal.*

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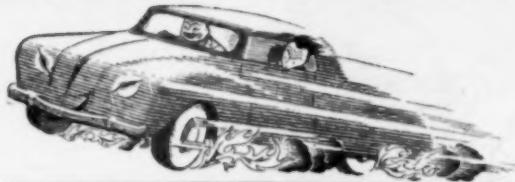


The purr of wheels as the hors d'oeuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half remembered bars of music from the ballet's pas de deux . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—

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We urge you therefore to **anticipate** the draught and heating problems of next winter; to call us in if we can be of service to you, **not then—but now!**

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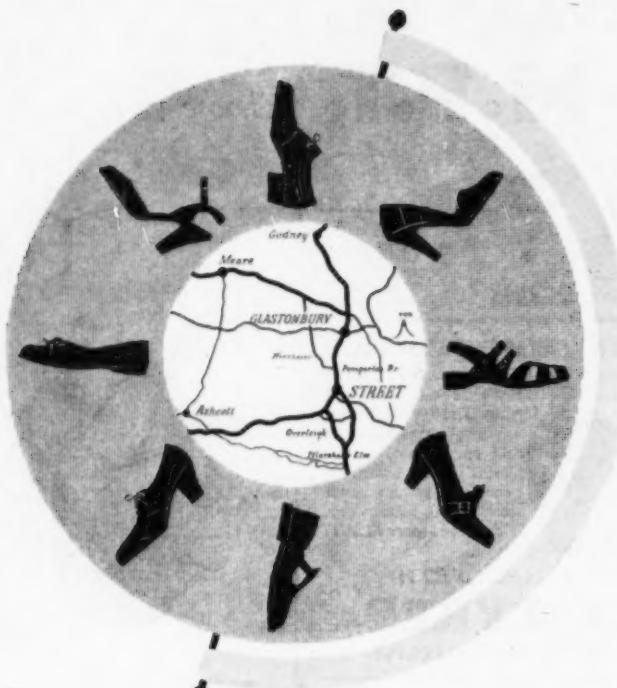
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The Village with an Empire

The village of Street is a speck on Somerset maps. It is the capital of a new and growing Empire.

There are 5,300 people in Street. Three thousand of us, from Street and nearby towns, now work with Clarks—making shoes.

Our empire is young, strong and extensive. It is a craftsman's Empire—the conquest of countries oversea by skill and craftsmanship a century old.

We developed it when Britain, in 1946, called for merchant adventuring to steady her trade balance. In a few vigorous years, Clarks of Street have become

Clarks Ireland Ltd.

Clarks New Zealand Ltd.

We export shoes to America, for well-earned dollars, to Australia, New Zealand, African countries, the West Indies... to fifty oversea countries in all. We are exporting 300,000 more pairs a year than in 1946. Abroad, too, go the technical

Clarks Australia Ltd.

Clarks of England, Inc., U.S.

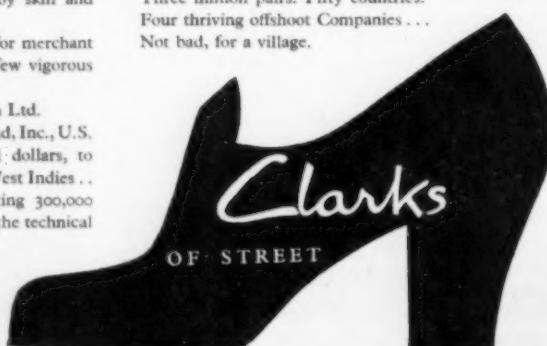
skills of shoemaking—our lasts, craftsmen and specialists are hired out internationally. They bring six-figure returns in needed hard currencies.

In all we make three million pairs of shoes a year—both fashion shoes and those children's shoes which have set new standards of scientific foot care.

Three million pairs. Fifty countries.

Four thriving offshoot Companies...

Not bad, for a village.



PUNCH

APRIL 16TH
The London Charivari

CHARIVARIA

In future, an Army Order directs, Service crates must be handled with greater care to prolong their usefulness. Evidently the Army has been impressed by the way the R.A.F. manage to prolong the usefulness of most of theirs.

In the Moscow Underground stations, we are told, advertising posters are replaced by paintings of Communist heroes. Uncultured little boys with pencils are disappointed to find that so many of them already have large moustaches.

No one has yet suggested that the sharp swing to the left at the county council elections is an expression of public satisfaction at the recent triumph of the nationalization policy over the reactionary private-enterprise motor-coach companies.



A new film dealing with the apprehension of petty criminals has been shown to local police forces throughout the country. This is known to the trade as a sneak preview.

... On May 21, 1921 ... [Mao Tse-Tung] attended the foundation meeting of the Chinese Communist Party. Of the twelve men who took this fateful step, three survived to become members of the Government in 1949, three were executed on Mao's orders during the intervening years, six went over to the right wing Kuomintang, and two were expelled."—Everybody's Well, it was a bit crowded, wasn't it?

"Don't waste your time at school," advised the Provost of Derby (the Rt. Rev. R. S. M. O'Ferrall) when he spoke to girls of Parkfields Cedars School at their speech day at the Central Hall, on Wednesday."

Derbyshire Advertiser

Everybody took the hint and left.



"50s HORSE WINS THE NATIONAL AT 100-7"
Sunday Dispatch

"£22 HORSE WINS THE NATIONAL"
Observer, same day

"A £36 HORSE WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL"
Sunday Express, same day

"Teal, a great jumper and a dauntless fighter, has had a varied career. . . At one time he was sold as a hack for 38 guineas."
Sunday Times, same day

Going, going . . .

A visitor from New York thinks it high time that some of Britain's stately homes were modernized. Few owners are likely to get further in this direction than installing a turnstile.



A day or so after thieves had entered a London flat some of the articles stolen were returned anonymously to the owner. Here is another example of the wisdom of ploughing back some of the profits into the business.



"... and this is the Great Banqueting Hall, now occupied by the family."

AUNT HILDA HAS HER SAY OUT

"I TRUST," said Aunt Hilda, "that with these reduced allowances we shall hear a great deal less about going abroad."

"Bound to," I said.

"Not before time," remarked my aunt, putting down her paper and removing her glasses. "There was far too much gadding about. First it was France, then Switzerland. Then it was Italy, the Mediterranean, Norway, and I don't know where else."

"Travel broadens the mind," I said mechanically.

"Exactly," she replied. "And it ruffles divorce, the Continental Sunday, strikes and rudeness in shops."

"Well . . ." I began.

She made an impatient gesture with her spectacle-case.

"You're going to be tolerant about foreigners," she interrupted. "You let them mislead you into bogus attitudes."

"You forget, aunt," I pointed out, "that you once went to Boulogne."

"And once to Lucerne. I admit it. But in my day we didn't go to study the other man's point of view. We went prepared to make allowances. And," said Aunt Hilda, grimly, "we had them to make."

"We need to understand each other's problems, surely?" I said.

"We need to hold on to first principles," contradicted my aunt. "And they are . . .?"

"Foreigners are not to be trusted, for one," she replied. "Two, they have no idea of sanitation. Three, they know you are English and overcharge. Four, they are not safe at night. What a relief it is," she said earnestly, "to be narrow-minded and speak the truth!"

I cast about for another angle.

"If peace is to be secured we must understand each other," I said. "Ignorance breeds mistrust, and mistrust hostility. That's how wars start."

"I learned history at school," replied my aunt, "and I didn't read about our going to war with a country we had never heard of. On the contrary, no sooner did we get to know one than we declared

war on it. I expect they drove us to it."

"We didn't know them well enough."

"They knew each other well enough in Europe, and that didn't stop them quarrelling. You *would* think they'd realize they were all foreigners together and keep the peace. But did they? Do they?"

"I'm old enough to remember," pursued my aunt, irresistibly, "when an Englishman could travel . . ."

"A Briton."

"Nonsense, dear. An Englishman could travel through the less backward countries—I don't mean the irresponsible fringe along the Danube—and get proper attention. He had to carry water of course, and beware of pick-pockets, but if he kept to recommended hotels he could enjoy the scenery without the natives."

I decided to plunge.

"But what have you against the natives, aunt?" I asked.

"I thought I had made it clear."

"But as individuals!"

"Very well. They jabber."

"Oh, aunt," I expostulated, "that's because . . ."

"Jabber," she repeated, on a high note. "They get excited and speak fast in an incomprehensible lingo. They drink wine and make gestures. They haven't the remotest idea how to make tea. Their tobacco is bad and their trains need fumigating. They do not go for walks and their post-boxes are exceedingly hard to find. Add to that they are notoriously immoral. Perhaps you think me prejudiced?"

I could find no answer to that.

"It is time the Continent returned to its proper rôle of imitating us rather unsuccessfully and learning our language."

"Russia too?" I suggested.

"The Russians are theorists. They need a practical example. They must come and find out how things are done."

"That means travel."

"For foreigners, travel is unavoidable. But we," said Aunt Hilda, taking her place behind the silver tea-service, "are here already."

COUNTRY SONG

VARIANTS of old folk songs are always interesting; I am encouraged therefore to reproduce as nearly as possible a Devonshire version of the well-known lines about the cuckoo which I heard in the Green Cheese at Downbadgery in the Spring of 1927. The words were accompanied by much waving of mugs in the right hand and churchwarden pipes in the left, and the song is remarkable for three things. First, there is no mention of cider. Secondly, there seems to be a complete ignorance of the migratory habits of *Cuculus canorus*, although there is some internal evidence that this ignorance may be more feigned than genuine.

Zing *cuccu*. *Cuccu zing*.
January—he be *wary*,
February—still he *tarry*,
Cuccu zing.
Come March—he sit on *perch*,
April—beer he *swill*,
Zing, cuccu, zing.

First o' May
His egg he lay,
Night and noon
He sing in June,
Zing, cuccu, zing.
Come July—he be *dry*,
Beer he must
Have August,
Up he clamber
Mid September,
Nary sober
Thru October,
Cuccu zing.
Set in timber all November,
Don't remember 'baout December,
Zing cuccu. Cuccu zing.

The lunar periods were then repeated until closing time, with occasional alterations of one or two lines, such as "throat be parch," "he drink all day," "he drink in June," "Come August—he go on bust," and so on, stress being always laid on the supposed conviviality of the bird rather than on its actual and observed behaviour. This song must be very old. —EVOR



STATIONERY MOVEMENT

20th October 1951

South-South-Western Command Order No. 1225 of 1951.

In the interests of economy the supply of Fasteners, Paper, Wire, Plated will cease. They will be replaced by Fasteners, Paper, Wood, Expansible. The use of the new fasteners will not only reduce Army consumption of steel, but will effect an economy in that one of the new pattern will hold up to one hundred sheets of paper firmly. In order that requirements of the new fasteners can be assessed, all units will forward immediately to Deputy Director of Ordnance Services, S.S.W. Command, a return giving (a) total consumption of Fasteners, Paper, Wire, Plated, during the year ended 31st October 1951, and (b) an estimate of future annual consumption of Fasteners, Paper, Wood, Expansible.

10th November 1951

From Deputy Director of Ordnance Services, S.S.W. Command.

To Officer Commanding, No. 286 Inland Navigation Maintenance Unit, Royal Engineers, Bogsidge Lock, Marshcombe.

Return required under S.S.W.C.O. No. 1225 of 1951 not yet received. Please expedite.

15th December 1951

From O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

To D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

My omitting to render return is regretted, but I hardly thought one would be required from this unit. Our strength is one Officer and one Other Rank, and the amount of clerical work done here is negligible.

20th December 1951

From D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

To O.C., No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

Your letter of 15-12-51 has been received. It is assumed that it is intended to be a NIL return. It is pointed out that the relevant S.S.W.C.O. (No. 1225 of 1951) calls for answers under headings (a) and (b). This information should be forwarded to this office immediately. Treat as URGENT.

21st January 1952

From O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

To D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

URGENT

The following is the information required: (a) Nil, (b) Two.

5th February 1952

From D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

To O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

Ref. your return of 21-1-52, please give reasons why estimated requirements of Fasteners, Paper, Wood, Expansible, exceed previous annual consumption of Fasteners, Paper, Wire, Plated, when, as explained

in S.S.W.C.O. No. 1225 of 1951, the new pattern is more economical in use.

20th February 1952

From O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

To D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

Estimated requirements of Fasteners, Paper, Wood, are based on recent considerable increase in clerical work falling on this unit. Urgent indent for 6 (six) Fasteners, Paper, Wood, enclosed herewith.

4th March 1952

From D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

To O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

Ref. your letter and indent of 20-2-52, it is pointed out that present indent exceeds estimated annual consumption (vide your return of 21-1-52) by 200 per cent. Please explain.

18th March 1952

Telegram from O.C. No. 286 I.N.M.U. (R.E.).

To D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command.

URGENT INDENT STOP FILING GETTING CHAOTIC STOP LOOSE PAPER AFFECTING LOCK MECHANISM STOP SEND TWELVE FASTENERS PAPER WOOD EXPANSIBLE TO THIS UNIT BY RETURN STOP INDENT IN TRIPPLICATE FOLLOWS

7th April 1952

S.S.W. Command Order No. 433 of 1952.

Owing to recent difficulties in the supply of imported softwood, the issue of Fasteners, Paper, Wood, Expansible, will cease. They will be replaced by Fasteners, Paper, Tape, Adhesive. The use of the new fasteners will not only reduce Army consumption of softwood, but will also effect an economy in that one of the new pattern will hold up to five hundred sheets of paper firmly. In order that requirements of the new fasteners can be assessed, all units will forward immediately to D.D.O.S., S.S.W. Command a return giving (a) total actual consumption of Fasteners, Paper, Wood, Expansible, during the past three months, and (b) estimated requirements of Fasteners, Paper, Tape, Adhesive, for the months of May to July 1952.

Announcement No. 8

THE ZEBRA CLUB



IN VIEW of the serious state of affairs disclosed in Announcement No. 7, exacerbated by the fact that the Secretary himself has just been run into from behind at a pedestrian crossing by a fellow-member who persistently used a short and offensive "e" in the course of many references to the Club—
THE ZEBRA CLUB IS HEREBY DISSOLVED.



COO !

Food for Sport



UNDER the curve of the down the landscape is all alive with water. There is the canal running along the hillside and next to it, hardly less straight and tidy, runs the River Dunn. Fifty yards away, and six feet lower down, runs a side-stream of the Kennet. The mill-house stands between, a solid brick block some centuries old; and behind it, filling the space between the rivers and fed by water running down from one to the other, lie the fishponds. "Ponds" is really too static a word. All this water is visibly moving. At one place the fall even drives a turbine, which in its turn pumps up still more water from an artesian well to supply the hatchery. The background of everything is the noise of regulated, gently-flowing water. I don't know whether Wordsworth was within his rights in expecting beauty born of murmuring sound to pass into his Lucy's face; if so, the trout-farmers should be a good-looking lot.

This is only one of a score of trout-farms in the country. There used to be more. The times are perhaps against the business, but not all that against it. The possession of natural water is more a matter of geographical position than an appurtenance of wealth; and trout-fishing has never been only a rich man's sport. More than

half the customers are still, in fact, private owners, and most of the rest are clubs. The business is still very much alive, as any business deserves to be which supplies both an ancient and peaceable sport and a delicate variety of food. And the trout-farmer does not only sell fish; he sells the insects, molluscs and shrimps they feed on, river plants and all the apparatus of river management. Above all he sells advice based on long experience.

There is, to me, something exotic about breeding fish. The breeding of the higher animals, with their nicely calculated pedigree and crossings and their anxious accouchements, is a thing that human imagination can, and does, invest with an almost human significance. Chickens, especially chickens incubated in bulk, are almost beyond human ken (though the personality of a single hen is often of surprising significance to its owner). But fish are beyond the pale. The world below the surface is another world. An Englishman may find his dog more intelligible than a Frenchman; but the fish are remoter than the Russians. Perhaps this is as well; for trout-farming is, in the upshot, a rather cold-blooded business.

Like most farming, the work is cyclic but never-ending. The cycle begins in November, when the ova and milt are stripped from selected

fish and the fertilized eggs are placed on grilles of glass rods under a perpetual but gentle flow of clean water. The water here is, as I have said, pumped from a deep well, and maintains an even temperature of 50 degrees F. The eggs hatch in fifty days. This is a lot faster than in the natural water, and the wastage is much smaller. As the young hatch they drop between the rods into the ampler water below. At this stage they flaunt the charming name of alevins. When they are ready to feed they become fry, recognizable fish, what I should call tiddlers. The open water is still too cold for them, and they are kept in the hatchery, in the same running well-water, but in progressively larger tanks, until it is milder. Then they go into the smallest of the ponds.

The rest of their career is a matter of ageing and growing and of a steady graduation, according to age and size, to progressively bigger ponds. The fish are for sale at any stage, but the demand for young fish is now negligible. This is mainly the result of hard experience.



The buying of young fish in bulk sounds cheaper, but so few, in fact, survive to reach a size worth catching that it proves the dearer way. Nearly all the fish now sold are sold, so to speak, ready for the hook. This is particularly so with clubs, which must show their members sport each year for their season's subscription. So the trout become, like undergraduates, first-, second- and third-year men. They may even do a fourth year, like Greats men. This farm's record was a ten-year-old of 14½ lb.; but whether he had failed his examinations or successfully evaded capture and sale I do not know. The three-year-old may be anything from twelve to sixteen inches long and weigh from twelve to twenty-eight ounces.

Meanwhile they make constant work. Ponds, banks, buildings and equipment must be kept clean and in repair, and the fish themselves sorted, graded and re-distributed.





And fed; and here, in my ignorance, I was in for a fresh shock. Trout are not only carnivores; they are next-door to cannibals. Their staple diet is raw cod, minced to a fineness graded according to age. For a change they can fancy lean meat. The grown fish are fed once a day, in the afternoon, and get about five per cent of their weight, the food being distributed according to the weight of fish in each pond. The

daily ration here is 500 lb., which ought to mean 10,000 lb. of trout in all—an impressive figure to the mere gastronomist, let alone the fisherman.



But it is a fine sight on a sunny afternoon. A miniature railway-track runs along the narrow green dykes between the ponds, and the food is wheeled out on a trolley and flung into the ponds at intervals from a scoop. Each scoopful must be taken before it sinks to the bottom; hence the intervals. The fish come to meet it as it falls, and for a few seconds the water is a boiling flurry of slippery bodies breaking surface and turning in a flash of silver to get back at the food in the water.

The end is stern but inevitable. The nets go into the biggest pond, and as many fish as the customer wants are taken off and put into small covered tanks to await transport. The years of protection and regular feeding are over; graduation is at hand. They lie very still in the dark under a foot of moving water. Even if the landing-net is put in among them there is no agitation. The dun backs are inexpressibly resigned. Only if you take some in the net and lift them half clear of the water they become suddenly agitated, and struggle to get back into the tank. Seen like this at close range, these grown fish are wonderfully lovely, the more so because, being fish, they resist all attempts at humanization. They are not sweet, or charming, or even particularly pathetic. They have no more souls than carnival queens, and are, with rare exceptions, a good deal more beautiful. There is presumably a chance that some of them will survive the first season; but the

captive life and the habit of being innocuously fed from the bank make them, at first, easy victims. As I say, it seems a rather cold-blooded business; but there is cold blood on both sides.

All farming tends to be a profession in the old sense, much more than a mere job; and trout-farming clearly exacts a more than usually rigorous devotion. It is essentially a one-man job, in the sense that, although he needs skilled assistance, the farmer must have every side of the work, from accounts to cleaning, in his personal charge. To some extent, as I have said, the times are against the business. Expansion is out of the question; the capital outlay needed at present rates to construct the new farm would be out of all proportion to the profit that might be expected. But the need is, and the demand ought to be, there. The country's inland waters, under stricter and more scientific supervision, are slowly recovering from the injuries inflicted on them by industrialization and over-population; and good waters should hold fish to be philosophically angled for and pleasurable eaten. In mere economics it is foolishness; it takes seven pounds of cod to make a pound (not all edible) of trout; and the economic man does not know one from the other. But even to anyone like myself, who never sees trout except on a plate, it is obvious that the economic man is, as usual, wrong.

P. M. HUBBARD



"Now swing 'er round and do-si-do."

SOMETHING FOR DARWIN

THE Ape was laboriously disentangling himself from the shrouds of his parachute when the Martian ambled up and squatted beside him.

"Hallo," said the Martian.

"Hallo," said the Ape.

"Who are you?" asked the Martian.

"I'm an Ape. Who are you?"

"I'm a Martian. Where have you come from?"

"Africa," said the Ape. "Look, we can tear this up."

"So we can," exclaimed the Martian joyfully; and in a few minutes the parachute was in ribbons. "Got any more?"

"No," said the Ape, regretfully. "They only gave me one."

"They?"

"Man."

"Who," asked the Martian, "is Man?"

The Ape told him, in a few pithy sentences.

The Martian shuddered. "We haven't got as far as him, thank goodness," he said. "And you think they might come up here?"

"Sooner or later," said the Ape. "What do you live on?"

"Anything that can't run faster than me," said the Martian. "Beetles are pretty good."

"I like beetles," said the Ape. The Martian had been thinking.

"If they come up here," he said. "Will they give me one of those to tear up?"

"I expect so," said the Ape. "But it's not worth it. You only get one if they're going to shoot you into space."

The Martian shuddered again. "What can we do?"

The Ape shrugged. "You can't do anything about Man except prevent him from happening. He's not likely to happen here, is he?"

The Martian pondered. "I don't know," he said. "There's a tribe of us who have taken to walking upright."

"A bad sign," said the Ape.

"And they're a terrible nuisance."

"Just like them," said the Ape.

"And they won't eat beetles—"

The Ape leapt to his hands and feet.

"Proof!" he cried. "It's them! Come on!"

The Martian hurried after him.

"Where to?"

"Got to make a rocket," panted the Ape, "and shoot your Men back at them!"

G. H. M. NICHOLS

PERRON 5

LIKE most Englishmen I can talk broken English till the cows come home. I break my English, I find, even when I am talking to foreigners who speak fluent B.B.C. So, abroad, I can say "The Church of Saint Peter, please, she is this way?" or "How many coins is it costing?" or "Does this street-car proceed in the direction town hall?" I do so in the belief—mistaken, no doubt—that foreigners *learn* broken English, and are gratified to find an Englishman who will meet them half-way over the language barrier.

The Dutchman on perron 3 of Eindhoven railway station spoke no English, broken or otherwise. He was short in stature, heavy-jowled and grey-haired; he wore a suit made of a typical, curiously-striped and canvassy Continental worsted and a beret. He was smoking a big fat cigar.

"England?" he said. The "g" was pronounced as a light clearing of the throat.

"Ja, ja," I said. "Towards England."

"England, vijf," he said, pointing to a notice-board. The five sounded like an incipient death-rattle.

"Neen, neen," I said, and pointed at the platform under my feet.

I have no faith in foreigners as railway guides. They panic. I don't know why, but having so many trains from other countries clattering through their stations and having their windows steamed up so badly that they can't see where they are going may have something to do with it.

The Dutch railways, let me admit, are excellent in every way, but it was on the tip of my tongue to remind the man with the fat cigar that railways were invented by the English. "Mynheer Stephenson, George Stephenson," I nearly said, "is the man who by his inventiveness trains produced has."

The Dutchman now lost his head completely and gave me a short burst of those double vowels for which Holland is famous.

Finally he took me by the sleeve and tried to pull me towards the subway. I shook him off. He picked up my suitcase and started off again. His gesticulations as he urged me to follow were utterly ridiculous.

We were struggling for the suitcase when a kruier or porter intervened. The two Dutchmen conversed rapidly and heatedly in their own tongue. I lit a cigarette.

"You are going to the Hook?" the kruier said.

"Ja, ja, to the Hook op de kust van Holland," I said.

"It has just been announced over the loud-speaker that the D train is forty-five minutes late."

"Zo!" I said.

"And this gentleman wants you to take a drink with him while you are waiting."

We all shook hands, laughed, and went off through the subway to a little café-bar.

As it happened the D train was *fifty-five* minutes late, so I caught it by the skin of my teeth.

"Cheerio," they shouted. "Good voyage to Engeland!"

"In Holland it is fine," I said. "I goo: I kum baak."

The "k's were thick and vaguely bronchial.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

ROBIN'S RETURN

THESE further pictorial
Shots
Of rollicking
Arboreal
Frolicking
In the glades
Of Notts
(At the time when Lion Heart
Was taking a leading part
In the Crusades)
Do, at any rate,
Demonstrate
Beyond doubt
That, while such goings on
Were no help to King
John,
They have turned out
To be a jolly good
Thing
For Hollywood.

MARK BEVAN



LITERARY AUCTION

A Catalogue of Plots to be Sold by Auction unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty

Lot 1. Parish Constable tracks down bludgeoner of Turkey Merchant. Low comedy by tapster. Inserted narratives by Settler in the Antipodes, Cheapjack and Pressed Seaman. Nothing to raise blush on female cheek. Should run to three volumes.

Lot 2. Esthete solves murder of Foreign Minister after police of five countries baffled. Vehicle for information *re* jade, narcotics and logic. Suitable for furnishing in style of Walter Pater. No action, but extensive ratiocination. Locale: heavily shuttered apartment in Paris.

Lot 3. Witty flâneur discovers murderer of fellow-guest at peer's country seat. Ample opportunity for epigram. Characters include *Grande Dame*, Guardee, Cabinet Minister, returned black sheep and several twins.

Lot 4. Murderer with cast-iron alibi defeated by police routine. Purchaser would be enabled to display virtuosity in use of *Bradshaw*. Comic relief provided by relations of Scotland Yard and local police. Suit thorough worker.

Lot 5. Attractively complicated poisoning in Guest House. Characters include possessive mothers, garrulous spinsters, downtrodden companions, Indian Army widows and well-dressed women with pasts. Much knitting. Openings for comment on facing rigours of modern life with gentility. Police touchingly dependent on colourful detective from Lisbon.

Lot 6. Very handsome plot providing scope for purchaser with flair for atmosphere. Victim killed in completely bricked-up charnel house. Detective mad Vicar who believes himself to be werewolf. All characters dressed as witches or warlocks owing to participation in pageant of local history. Included with this lot are runnes for chapter-headings and diary of seventeenth-century hangman to whose ghost police mistakenly attribute murder.

Lot 7. Murder in Professors' Dining Club. All clues anagrams of Greek translations from Hoccleve. Detective ex-Balliol Mods Tutor now C.I.D. Inspector. Very high comedy *re* application of psycho-analysis to Roman Law. Red herring



Professor holding two Chairs simultaneously by changing beard between lectures.

LOT 8. Inebriate couple uncover killer who repeatedly deposits bodies in their love-nest. Feather-brained Booflums worries uxorious Wooflums by tendency to get battered while investigating on own. Suit purchaser with gift for prattle.

LOT 9. Murder in Artificial Atom Plant. Detective chemical statistician in love with rheologist. Lot includes formulae, logarithm tables and expository monologues on wave mechanics and radio-activity. Clues principally deliberate errors in equations.

LOT 10. Private detective proves client guilty of shooting Californian night-club dancer. Police on side of killer but hero indestructible. Natural beauties of coastal area seen through alcoholic haze. Scope for metaphor.

LOT 11. Very subtle personal relationships among fashionable etchers. All interiors decorated, all wines vintage. Widow of victim receives knightly support from detective. Clues psychological. Comic relief provided by inability of charwoman to appreciate any Art later than Seurat. Suit purchaser with talent for unspoken dialogue.

LOT 12. Uproarious results of homicidal maniac loose among eccentrics. Outstanding opportunity to work off minor characters. Suit humorist wishing to publish at book-length.

R. G. G. PRICE



HONI SOIT

IT has long been obvious that a great many mottoes in common use are hopelessly out-of-date, contrary to the spirit of the times, or both. Probably the only reason they have been able to survive at all is that so many are written in dead languages, Latin, Norman French, mediaeval English or Old German, which few people understand.

But the assault has been launched. According to reports in an evening paper the teachers at a high school in southern England recently invited their boy and girl pupils to suggest a motto to replace the present one: "Manners Maketh Man." It is not clear from the announcement whether the sentiment or the language is at fault; probably it is felt that both leave much to be desired. One of the masters is alleged to have stated "The old motto was chosen by the school's headmistress in 1916. We want something more up-to-date."

Actually the facts are considerably worse; William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, adopted the motto, which was not even then new, over five and a half centuries ago, and the two great colleges which he founded, at Winchester and Oxford, have been content ever since to use this old-fashioned and practically incomprehensible bit of flapdoodle.

The forward-looking high school's new motto is not yet on record. The cynical may expect something that will represent childhood's new-found freedom, such as "Manners is Soppy," suggested by a girl, or "Thanks for Nothing," suggested by a boy. Those of us with more faith in modern youth expect something pithy and practical such as "Politeness Pays." Or, if the school has a strong natural-science side, perhaps the motto will list the chemical formulae of the various organic substances which, biologically speaking, make man.

One type of motto that must certainly be changed under the new rationalization is the boastfully aggressive class. "*Nulli secundus*" will naturally yield to "I stand in line"; and Scotland, which has produced a number of notable penal reformers, cannot cavil at giving up "*Nemo me impune lacessit*." Admittedly "No one provokes me without getting sent to a character-rehabilitation centre" may be on the long side, but it is precise and in tune with contemporary thought.

Mutual contradictions between mottoes clearly need ironing out. There is a well-known motto, for instance, carried by various armigers, including the state of Oklahoma, which lays it down that "*Labor omnia vincit*." At the same time other reputable armigerous circles assert with equal confidence that "*Omnia vincit amor*." But what is going to happen when a Stakhanov comes face with a

Valentino? Must they fight it out to decide who is really supreme? Before such a breach of the peace occurs it would be wise to appoint a United Nations Co-ordinating Committee to determine whether, in fact, love or hard work is the final irresistible force and to adjudicate between similar contradictory pairs of mottoes.

The motto of the British Broadcasting Corporation, "Nation shall speak peace unto nation," is clear enough English apart from the slightly archaic preposition which needs attention; but since television has become part of the Corporation's responsibility the content of the motto is incomplete and should be extended. Possibly a second motto might be added to cover viewing, such as "Distance lends enchantment," if that would not be taken amiss by those in the studios. On the road-safety front the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents could certainly be relied on to support the expunging from all scrolls of the suicidal "Medio tutissimus ibis," which must date back to the Highway Code of Boadicea at least; it could simply and easily be replaced by the alliterative "Keep to the Kerb," more in sympathy with the nation's current tendency to divide itself into two clearly defined political parties without middle ground.

And this brings up the trickiest problem of all. The motto of England's national poet is "Non sanz droit," French and antiquated French at that. It must certainly be rendered into English; but what will Shakespeare's admirers of the Left think of his apparent partiality for the Right? The poet's wide sympathies with all men would no doubt induce him, if he were alive to-day, to accept "Not without Right or Left," but would this satisfy Liberals? The inclusion of Right, Left, and Centre would be altogether too cumbersome.

Perhaps the true solution is to abolish all mottoes. The word motto derives from the Latin *mutum*, meaning a mutter or a grunt. Or are the family mutter and the school grunt too much part of our heritage?

HH

FROM THE CHINESE

Serenity

"WHEN I have done my pools,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"When I have selected the wrestlers
Who will win their bouts
On the sixth day,
A new serenity
Commands my soul,
As a blue calm
Comforts the sailor,
Takes frowns and furrows
From the face of the ocean
After a harsh typhoon.
With vigour, with delight,
I turn to my task,-
Filling the tablets
With ingenious tales
And diverting fancies,
Forgetting, even,
The cruel taxes
Demanded by the Rulers.
For now I know,
Certainly,
As I know that the moon
On the sixth day
Will be greatest,
That on the same day
The arrangers of wagers
Will generously give to me
Seventy-five thousand
Pieces of gold.
As I toil at the tablets
My second mind
Is travelling far,
To the Happy Hills
Where I lie under the tulip-trees,
Laughing at the Rulers
And the cruel taxes,
Delighting in the dancing-girls,
The merry performers,
The musical instruments.
And so I toil
With a smile of contentment.
But when I was a law-maker,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"I proposed a new law
Against wagering on the wrestlers.
This, I said, was unworthy
Of the dignity of wrestlers.
They might be tempted
To admit defeat falsely,
Or, on the other hand,
To strangle their opponents.

As for the wagerers,
Lured by the glitter of gold
And contemptible dreams
Of Something for Nothing
(The profound saying
Of Chu Mang Wei),
They would grow idle
And neglect their labours.

It is always a pleasure,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"To confess an error,
As I do now.
The serenity
Which commands my soul,
I now perceive,
Is in the souls of the many.
They, too, in a blue calm
Are bound for the Happy

Hills,
The dancing-girls,

The musical instruments,
And so they labour
With a smile of contentment,
Pleasing the masters,
And enriching the Rulers.
Who am I to condemn
The arrangers of wagers?

They are the fathers
Of vigour and virtue.
For is it not better
To wager on the wrestlers
Than to slit the stomach
Or leap from a mountain-top?

It is the Rulers
Who rob the people,
Greedily seeking
Something for Nothing.
It is the Rulers
And the cruel taxes
That merit censure
From the holy men.

There is a moment,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"When I hear from the heralds
The results of the wrestling,
And for a brief space
I see less certainly;
There is a haze
On the Happy Hills,
But on the seventh day
I select other wrestlers,
And serenity
Returns again."

A. P. H.



"We really want one with ballet on it."

THE POUND OF FELT

EVEN in a streamlined modern business like the Hackenstraw Advertising Agency you find you can't entirely eliminate the human element. Sitting at my pressed-steel desk I consider this unemotionally, and I decide I must have a quiet talk with Miss Podmarsh, my secretary.

I expect I shall have to fire Miss Podmarsh on account of the way she looks at me when I catch her out being inefficient, which is about fourteen times a day, and on account of how she affects my nervous system and capacity to do business. Our quiet talks always end in the same way.

"I'm sure I do my best, Mr. Hackenstraw," she says, dabbing her eyes with the complimentary blotter we got from Associated Bio-chemicals.

"Well," I say, "there's something crazy about this office."

"Yes, Mr. Hackenstraw," she says, and I go back to my room and try to fix my hat with sticking-plaster where I put my fist through it illustrating a point.

I don't think Miss Podmarsh is aware of the effect she has on my nervous system. When I'd fixed my hat as well as I could I sat down and tried to put myself into a calm state in view of the social function I was having to go to later. I was fairly calm when Miss Podmarsh came in with the letters, and I dashed off some good signatures. Miss Podmarsh was hopping about from one foot to another. "Anything else?" I said, crunching pieces of fountain-pen top between my teeth.

"Oh, Mr. Hackenstraw," she said, "only it's Tuesday and Carp and Frisby," or something like that. I didn't pay much attention, having just bitten my way down to the ink-reservoir. I took a mouth-wash, and Miss Podmarsh backed out of the room, muttering. I reckoned I'd kept pretty calm.

All the same, when I got to the social function I discovered I wasn't as poised as I like to be. I found myself sitting next to a suave,

bulbous man who looked at me once or twice during the soup, and in the middle of the fish he said he saw I didn't remember him. He spoke in a determined, aggressive tone, like a psychiatrist with an inferiority complex.

My card-index memory seemed to function automatically. "Wilson, isn't it?" I said, "of Anti-Oxalics!"

"Carp," he said, and the name rang a bell a long way off. "Carp, F. G. We used to sit together for Scripture with Frisby in 3B."

"Of course!" I said, and we had quite a conversation until he called me "Buckle."

"My name's Hackenstraw," I said.

"Oh," he said, grinning horribly and edging away. I could see he was thinking it was queer I'd been pretending I'd sat next to him for Scripture with Frisby in 3B, but I wasn't able to worry about this because I was wondering whether Miss Podmarsh had botched my engagement-book and sent me along to an Old Boys' Dinner. If so, looking round I seemed to see these were the wrong Old Boys as well. After a time I went home, feeling pretty confused. I didn't sleep well.

Next morning a big man in a blue suit came into my office while I was doubled up in the corner by the filing cabinet, sketching a recent trend in a progress curve a couple of inches above the skirting-board. Owing to my vision being a bit bloodshot when I straightened up, his face looked familiar but indistinct.

I said "Mr. Wilson, isn't it?"

"Carp," he said, putting his hat into my outstretched hand. "Anti-Oxalics, if you remember." He massaged his jowl unconsciously. "Tinpot and Random are coming in," he went on, "but I take it you want to go on . . ."

I had a feeling he was deliberately trying to confuse me. "What about overheads?" I said, narrowing my eyes so that his face became just a purple blur.

"You're wasting our time, Mr. Buckle," he said.

"Hackenstraw," I said.

It was clear I had been one too many for him. He frowned uncertainly, then took his hat and went out.

I found I was trembling, so I took a walk round my desk a couple of dozen times, getting the steely glint back in my eye. I sat down, calm again and efficient-looking, like a model in a whisky ad. I put down the switch on the box-thing on my desk. I felt like a whisky-drinking executive in personal touch with every department of his vast organization. "Oh, Miss Podmarsh," I said, "bring the Anti-Oxalics file, please."

I ran a well-groomed hand over my hair where it is greying at the temples. The box buzzed.

"Yes?" I said.

"Snahp haahp, Mr. Hackenstrahp. No file of that name," the box said, smugly.

After a pause I went on: "That big blue man who was in here just now . . ."

"Wahp, Mr. Hackenstrahp?"

"Who was he?"

There was no reply, and then Miss Podmarsh's face came round the edge of the door. Her eyes looked like pale-blue gooseberries.

"Ooh, Mr. Hackenstraw," she said. "That was Mr. Carp of Carp and Frisby. Memory Training and Business Efficiency."

"Oh!" I said, coolly.

"You said you'd eat your hat in front of Mr. Carp and his partner, if he could demonstrate your memory needed training, Mr. Hackenstraw."

"Oh," I said again.

"Ooh, Mr. Hackenstraw!" Miss Podmarsh said. "What if he makes you do it!"

I closed my eyes, and when I opened them the pale-blue gooseberries had gone. A few minutes later the box buzzed again.

"Who is it?" I said.

"Mr. Carp, Mr. Hackenstrahp, and Mr. Frisbahp, Bahpness Efficiency."

I reached for my hat and began to peel off the sticking-plaster. "Show them in, Miss Podmarsh," I said.



CATS' EYES

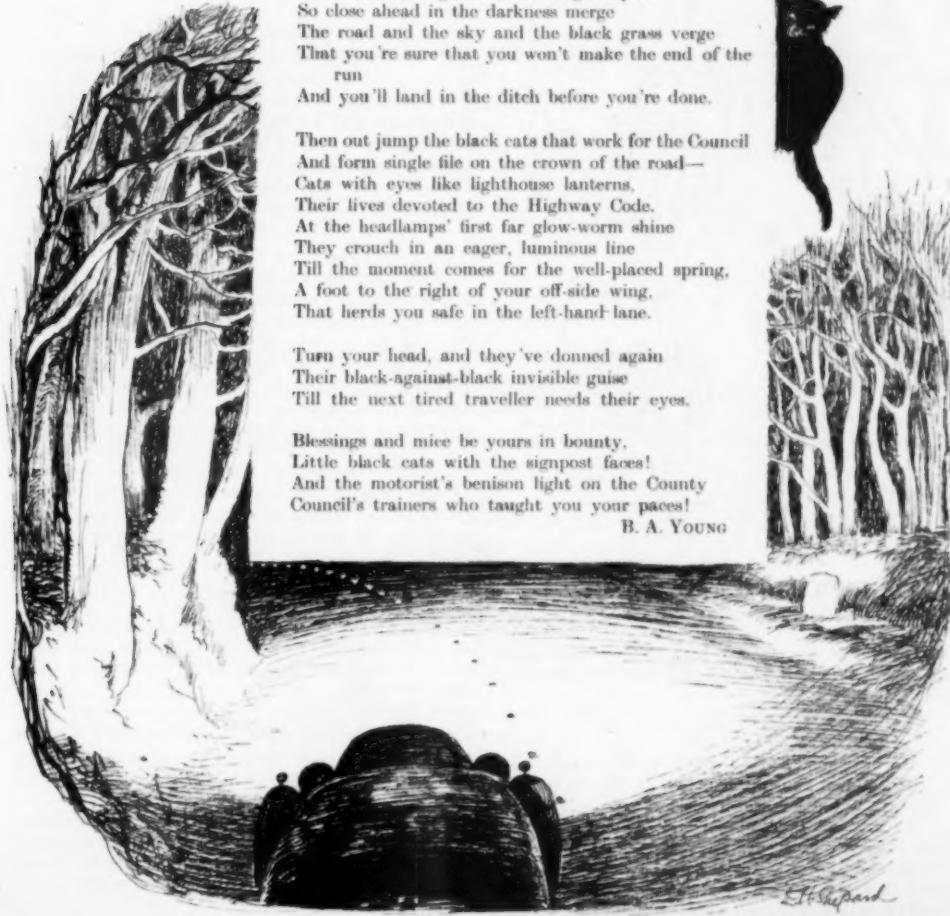
THE low black sky and the high black hedgerow
Soak up your lights like blotting-paper;
A myriad captive candles dwindle
To a thin, tired gleam like a single taper.
So close ahead in the darkness merge
The road and the sky and the black grass verge
That you're sure that you won't make the end of the
run
And you'll land in the ditch before you're done.

Then out jump the black cats that work for the Council
And form single file on the crown of the road—
Cats with eyes like lighthouse lanterns,
Their lives devoted to the Highway Code.
At the headlamps' first far glow-worm shine
They crouch in an eager, luminous line
Till the moment comes for the well-placed spring,
A foot to the right of your off-side wing,
That herds you safe in the left-hand-lane.

Turn your head, and they've donned again
Their black-against-black invisible guise
Till the next tired traveller needs their eyes.

Blessings and mice be yours in bounty,
Little black cats with the signpost faces!
And the motorist's benison light on the County
Council's trainers who taught you your paces!

B. A. YOUNG





REPORT TO RESIDENTS

THE Committee of our Gardens Residents' Association has at last held its first meeting of 1952, and, with best wishes to all, issues the following memorandum.

FINANCES

We have reluctantly decided to ask members for a small annual contribution, say 2s. 6d., to pay for typing-paper and our growing correspondence. We are at the moment in communication with the Council (tree-lapping and pig-bin departments), the Georgian Group, the Institution of British Launderers and the Public Library, and with the warmer weather shall no doubt re-establish contact with the Singing School and the radio at the side of No. 16, and all this costs money. No postal orders, please. Or cheques.

STAMP MACHINE: "A STRANGER HERE MYSELF"

Our sharp comment *re* the stamp machine has had very satisfactory results. The deceptive "1d." sign has been crossed out with sticky paper and only yesterday Mr. Willoughby saw the box being hammered inside by two officials who informed him that there is a much nearer machine on the pillar-box in Desmond Road. Mrs. Hill's confession at the meeting that she didn't even know there was a Desmond Road led to a light-hearted suggestion that we organize a week-end ramble, and we should be glad to know what members think. Apart from the interest of it—Mr. Willoughby has bought a guide-book and is full of enthusiasm—there would be the pleasure of being able to direct eastward-bound strangers instead of merely expressing the hope that they get there.

ABSENT FRIENDS

It was voted that the picture postcard which the Secretary brought back from the stationer's be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Ridge, who have arrived in British New Guinea and are finding the place very different from No. 7. We shall be voicing the sentiments of all when we say how we miss the piano. To quote one simple tribute, "The piano is such a change from the wireless. You can always tell it by the mistakes."

RECIPROCAL LOAN SYSTEM

This will work very much as before, i.e. no change in the teams now that the Jenkxes have "chummed up" with their new neighbours, the McNeils. (Perhaps Mr. or Mrs. MacNeil will find time to drop us a note about the spelling!) As all will agree who saw Mrs. Jenks leaving No. 7 with a drum of salt and going back with "The Times Atlas," a really useful partnership has been inaugurated and we wish it all success. Mrs. MacNeil will no doubt instinctively follow the Association's procedure about repaying self-raising flour with self-raising flour (and, perhaps even more important, plain with plain) and not really expecting the money for an evening paper pushed through the letter-box.

ARE THEY AT HOME?

Mrs. McNeil may have wondered just how openly one can stare through the glass bit in the front doors to see if the house is temporarily unoccupied. The Committee discussed this, but came to no conclusion other than how subtly a house can look empty when it is, Mr. Willoughby adding in his forthright if rather obscure way that if everyone had frosted glass like him all they'd worry about was the residents automatically cowering out of sight so you can't see how tall they are or roughly what colour like the laundryman.

We pass on, for what it is worth, this esteemed resident's remark that this summer he would like to see less marigolds and more of his wheelbarrow.

HOSPITALITY

Mrs. Drew is anxious to have a list of those who

genuinely enjoy Kwikmake coffee. Will volunteers come forward?

PARTY-LINES

We have often been asked whether the two subscribers to a party-line can ring each other up. Peter Drew (whom we all congratulate on his examination success) is working at it and we expect his findings shortly. He tells us that he is also calculating the chances of an averagely chatty couple of subscribers making a call simultaneously, which Mrs. Hill defines, we think very pithily, as half-way between never and how you feel when you hear their voice.

ETON BOATING SONG

Mrs. Pratt has cleared up a minor mystery by explaining that the children like a tune last thing before bed and the above is the only one you can play on an eight-note xylophone. Any suggestions?

A NOVEL COMPLETED

We are sure that Mr. Jackson will not mind us giving this glad news; and that residents the Gardens over will rejoice with him. We understand that he has still got to type it all out once more, so we need not yet say farewell to what has become as familiar a night-sound as the owls.

OWLS

We cannot do anything about the owls.

ANDE

I, TOO, WANT TO LIVE ON CAPITAL

I USED to weep when millionaires,
Victims of penal sur-taxation,
Sold the ancestral stocks or shares
Just to maintain their humble station,
Merely to keep things going, make ends meet—
The laundry bill . . . the yacht . . . the country seat.
I wept as well, quixotic though it sounds,
On patriotic economic grounds.

No more for me, that bitter cup;
First, de-, or do I mean *ia-*, inflation
Has mixed my economies up,
And second, half the population—
Every Tom, Dick and Harry—tells me sadly:
He lives on capital . . . I note, not badly:
The whole West End seems full of heroes braving
The gratifying horrors of dis-saving.

And who am I, to live alone
In economic isolation
Or raise my solitary moan
About what happens to the nation?
Henceforth, me too, I'm going to work this racket,
Laugh at my silly little income-bracket
And live on capital—one big, bright burst . . .
Only, where do I *get* the capital first?

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



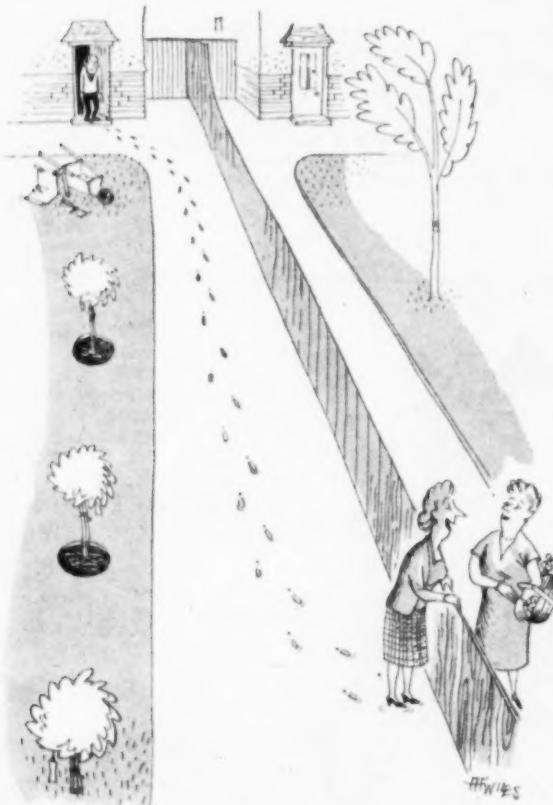
INCENTIVE

"AND what incentive are you proposing to give me to not get orders!"

"I don't think I quite follow, Smith."

"Well, you say I am overselling, sir. You have so many orders for lime that you can't keep pace with them—and you aren't able to step up production. Farmers are already ringing you up and cancelling their orders because you don't get on with the spreading. You believe—and I don't say you are wrong—that if I go on bringing in orders at this rate

your reputation will be mud; and next year, when you want orders from the farmers whose fields you didn't spread with lime this year, you'll find they have no use for you. I appreciate your predicament. But I must remind you that you engaged me to sell your lime. You agreed to commission-terms which give me—I admit it—plenty of incentive to sell your lime. Now you ask me to slow down on sales so as not to ruin your business. But if I reduce my sales I lessen my commission. So I repeat: what



"I can only stay a moment; this concrete is still wet."

incentive do you offer me to not make sales?"

"But this is ridiculous. Do you expect Priority Lime to pay you something extra for not selling?"

"I could, of course, go to another firm."

"Now don't be rash, don't be rash, my boy. Let's consider this sensibly and amicably. What exactly did you have in mind when you spoke of—of incentive for not selling?"

"I merely want commission on the sales that I don't make."

"I see. Merely that. Merely commission on sales you don't make."

"That's all, sir. My average weekly sales are easily computed. If I succeed in not making that number of sales, to assist you in your business, you pay me commission."

* * * * *

"I have called you in, Smith, because I am worried—very worried. Last year, as you may recall, we were troubled with an excess of orders. This year we have a deficiency of sales so acute that it cannot go on any longer. I don't pretend to understand why a salesman of your experience and ability has not kept the figures up, but the situation is critical. You must bring in the orders, and bring them in fast—before it is too late. The very existence of Priority Lime depends on it. I have dropped some hints before, and I assumed you would respond to them. Now it is time for plain words—*get the sales!*"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't sell."

"What d'you mean, can't sell? Of course you can sell! Why, last year we had to stop you selling too much!"

"That's just it. The incentive to not sell has operated on me so powerfully that, frankly, I no longer care about selling. I take more pride, if you follow me, sir, in not selling than I used to take in selling. Formerly I was an artist in selling, you might say. Now I am an artist in not selling. It would hardly be too much to say, in fact, that not selling has become my *raison d'être*."

"Oh! Indeed! In that case, Smith, perhaps it would be as well if we took steps to terminate your contract with us."

"Just as you wish, sir. But I feel I ought to point out to you that if I go to another lime firm, the entirely fresh mental associations will probably—I would say certainly—revive my old flair and zest for selling, and I shall no doubt put your rivals in such a happy position as regards sales in this district that Priority Lime may well have to shut up shop."

"But look here, Smith, this is intolerable! If you stay with us and don't get sales we shall go broke. If you go to the other people and sell as you used to sell—we shall also go broke. What are we to do?"

"Can Priority Lime afford to pay me to not get sales and engage another salesman to get them, sir? I merely raise the possibility."

"No! Of course we can't afford that. Besides, who ever heard of it!"

"In that case there is, as far as I can see, only one way out of the impasse, sir. You began your career in lime as a salesman. I suggest that you revert to that rôle and save Priority Lime from extinction."

"What! Become my own salesman! And what is to happen to my duties as Managing Director, pray?"

"I will take the job of Managing Director on, sir—at an appropriate salary."

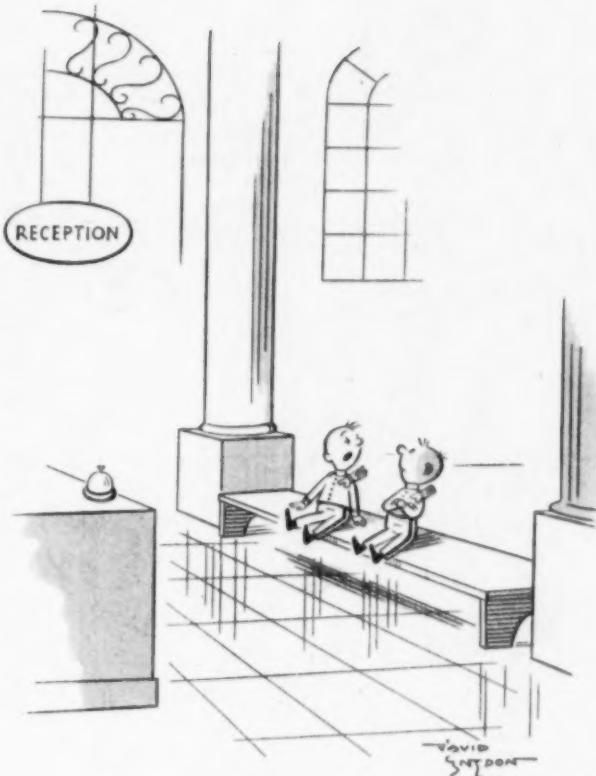
"Well, upon my Sam!"

* * * * *

"Well, Smith, your plan has worked out well. I admit it. I freely admit it. Priority Lime is prospering—thanks to my sales!"

"Yes, sir. And your sales are the direct outcome of the powerful incentive provided by myself, if I may modestly say so—as Managing Director. Were it not for the fact that whenever your sales decline I threaten to resign as Managing Director and resume my position as salesman, with the disastrous consequences which that would entail, I doubt whether you would have made the grade, sir. As it is, I am proud of you. You are a credit to the firm."

"Thank you, Smith."



"What are you going to be if you grow up?"

DER DOPPELGÄNGER

A long way after Heine

IN the night-shadowed town, before a house,
I saw a ghostly figure, upwards staring;
It was my former Self, my own face bearing.
How often in old times I held carouse
Behind those windows, till the dawn would douse
The glimmering candles! Then, through quiet
streets faring.
Howards I'd take myself, and, softly swearing,
Climb to my bedroom, quietly as a mouse.

And art thou come again, old long-gone fellow,
Seeking past music and the memoried wine?
Why, life's less grievous as the leaves turn yellow . . .
As for thy ancient love, she's doing fine;
Met her on Tuesday . . . how her children bellow!
Must say I'm glad they're Robinson's, not mine.

R. P. LISTER



"He's trying to capture the family trade."

A JOURNEY ROUND MY BOOKSHELVES

III

I SHOULD like to devote this article, if I may, to taking a sort of public revenge on Agnes Wickfield, who has now been gliding through the pages of *David Copperfield*, a pleasant smile on her bright, calm face, for just over a hundred years. Why something of the sort has not been attempted long ago I cannot for the life of me understand. All right-thinking people must surely detest Agnes, yet no one, as far as I am aware, has ever thought of launching a really heavy blow at her. Steerforth, now, I find mildly annoying. The man could hardly

open his mouth without a reckless laugh, and his insensate determination to slap everyone within reach on the back would have driven a character less patient than David out of his mind in less than a chapter. Steerforth, however, could at least be thrown momentarily out of his stride. "Ride on!" he exclaims recklessly, on one occasion. "Rough-shod if need be, smooth-shod if that will do, but ride on! Ride on over all obstacles, and win the race!"

"And win what race?" rasps Copperfield, goaded beyond endurance.

Steerforth is taken aback, and can do no better than a feeble "The race one has started in." "Ride on!" he adds doggedly, hoping, no doubt, to carry the thing off with a reckless laugh and another slap on the back for the wretched Copperfield. One experiences a momentary fellow-feeling for the man; Steerforth, in fact, is human—Agnes is not. If she had only once exhibited the faintest sign of human frailty—one expletive, however mild, one apple-pie bed for Mr. Wickfield, one swinging blow at Uriah Heep—I could have found it in my heart to forgive all the sweet, earnest glances and the never-ending tranquillity and calm, pleasant cordiality. She never did, and I propose to hit back without delay.

My revenge will consist of hurling Agnes, in print, into company strange to her—company in which, cheerful laugh and bright serenity notwithstanding, she will make no headway. I have not had to look very far for what I require—no farther, in fact, than Agnes's next-door neighbours on my shelves. These are Pinkie, the razor-slashing hero of *Brighton Rock*, and Sherlock Holmes. Let us allow Sherlock Holmes to strike the first blow:

"And now, my dear young lady, I beg you to sit down and tell me slowly and quietly exactly what it is that has occurred, and why I am honoured by a visit from the only daughter of a rather bibulous Canterbury lawyer in nankeen trousers, whose red-haired clerk rejoices in the initials, if I mistake not, of U. H."

"Why," said Miss Wickfield, lifting her calm, bright face and breaking into a low, merry laugh—"why, Mr. Holmes, you are quite a wizard! How in the world did you know that?"

"Tut, I have no time! For what purpose does the good Dr. Strong secrete these papers in his hat?"

Our visitor's sweet, serious mouth fell open, and her expression of sober cheerfulness was replaced by one of heavy stupefaction. I had much ado to repress a chuckle."

I feel a good deal more cheerful, too: so much so that I should like, if I may, to pursue this just a little further:

"I shall do exactly what you tell me," said Miss Wickfield, with a pleasant smile.

"In the first place, then," said my companion with some asperity, "let me beg that you will have the goodness to bridle this unaccountable spirit of levity. The bite of the giant Sumatran tree-rat is no laughing matter, as the good Dr. Strong may find to his cost unless we act with prudence and determination. At what hour is Mr. Wickfield carried to his bedroom?"

"At half-past eleven," replied our visitor, flushing angrily, "but he is not always—"

"At midnight, then," said my companion in his incisive way, "you will arise, don the Norfolk suit and false beard with which you will have provided yourself, leave the house stealthily and stagger down the street as though intoxicated."

Miss Wickfield shifted uneasily in her seat, thrusting out her lower lip in mutinous fashion.

"On the other side of the street," pursued Holmes, "you will see the man Heep. Reeling towards him, you will slap him boisterously on the back, and ask for a plug of chewing tobacco."

Our visitor's face was now a study in peevish bewilderment, and I was forced to hide a smile behind my hand."

Finally, let us brood for a moment over the spectacle of Agnes and Pinkie, chatting together in the lounge of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Brighton:

"Sit down," said Agnes cheerfully. "Don't be unhappy, Pinkie. If you cannot confidently trust me, whom will you trust?"

"You from the bogies!"

A shade of perplexity crossed the bright, tranquil face, to be replaced almost instantly by a sweet modest smile. "I only mean," continued Agnes earnestly, "that now that you have lost the guidance and companionship of poor Mr. Spicer,

you must turn for comfort and support, if not to me, then to that shining spirit who has ever proved himself to be your guardian angel. I refer to Mr. Dallow."

"Spicer died natural."

A waiter paused beside them. The Boy said "You drinking?"

"Thank you very much, Pinkie," said Agnes, her bright, calm face lighting up with pleasure. "If I might perhaps have a little barley-water—?"

"You took me up wrong." A burst of gaiety came from the American bar. The Boy said furiously "Bring us two double brandies, and quick."

"Pray believe me," cried Agnes, flushing, "when I say that never—"

"You got your razor?"

"My razor?" Agnes's voice rose shrilly. Heads were turned in her direction.

"Talk normal," said the Boy. "Talk normal."

Such, then, is my public revenge on Agnes Wickfield. For my own private satisfaction I have placed her on a desert island with Wackford Squeers, Lady Macbeth, Lord Henry Wotton and the Flaming Tinman. I look in on them from time to time—not without some entertainment, I must confess. T. S. WATT





THE ITALICIST

THE man turned to me suddenly and said "Can you talk in italics?"

I stared hard over his shoulder.

"I thought not," he said, "but I bet you can talk in CAPITALS."

I hastily looked round the bar, but no one appeared to have heard.

"Anyone can talk in CAPITALS," he said, "but italics, that's an art."

I finished my drink with a gulp that sounded like the swing doors of the saloon closing on each other, and made for the street.

"I shouldn't go out there if I were you."

I stopped and slowly turned. He was smiling. "It's raining cats and dogs, you know." His voice was friendly. "Come and have a drink. Landlord, two more please."

I returned to the bar.

"Listen to that crowd over there by the dartboard," he said, "all CAP—" I raised my hand—"all capitals. Not an italic between them. It's an art, I tell you."

He drained his glass. "Two more, landlord." He turned to me: "Listen to this."

He sauntered over to the corner and nodded once or twice. He looked at the chalked-up score and said: "It wouldn't pay to bet on the result of this game."

The players went on with their game.

He glanced round at me, then back to the scoreboard.

"It wouldn't pay to bet on the result of this game," he said, and abruptly rejoined me.

The little group of players stood as motionless as a dart that has just struck the board. Then their troubled eyes left the large "No Gambling" notice on the wall, piled a bonfire at the man's back, and sidled down to the landlord, who was peering anxiously over the counter at them.

"You see?" said the man. "Drink up. The same again, please."

When I looked again at the

dart-players they were stirring a set of dominoes.

"And still talking in capitals," said the man contemptuously, following my gaze. "It's difficult to acquire, but not impossible. With practice anything can be achieved. *You believe that, don't you?*"

I nodded dumbly through the rim of my glass.

He leaned forward. "You need another drink," he said slowly. He glanced over his shoulder, "something SPECIAL," he added.

He must have seen something in my eyes. "I know," he said apologetically, "but they were only small ones."

He turned, "Landlord, the gentleman and myself need another drink. The special, *you know*."

I began to like my friend. I told him so in very imperfect italics.

"And I like you," he said, "you've got talent, *real talent*. You will pick it up in no time."

We sang a bit after that until I let him down by relapsing into capitals. The landlord admonished me with a genial "Gentlemen!"

My friend shook his head at the landlord's modulation.

I apologized profusely, and won an indulgent smile from my friend by inviting the landlord to share another bottle with us in ragged but earnest small caps.

My friend borrowed my watch to see the time. He said "Grea' heavens, my taxi! *I haven't paid him off yet.*"

I stood up and in generous capitals begged him to allow me. As he anchored me with reproving eyes, I flushed and repeated myself in subdued italics.

"You," he said, accepting my wallet with charming dignity, "are a gentleman."

I bowed in acknowledgment and sat down suddenly.

Somewhere from the distant streets the muffled clamour of a fire engine reached me. The landlord spoke through a tea-towel. "Closing bell, sir." I raised my head. He looked me full in the glass: "The bill, sir. Your friend said you would settle up. *I hope we are not going to have any difficulty over it.*"

AT THE PICTURES

*Five Fingers**The Magic Face*

IT is often easy, in considering a spy story, to feel disrespect or even derision for the people who were deceived by the spy at the time. *Five Fingers* (Director: JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ) is based on the book "Operation Cicero" which was the subject of a question in the House when it was published, and one knows that a certain amount of its basic narrative has been publicly admitted to be fact; but still the overwhelming temptation, not resisted by some reviewers, is to think that the British authorities who were taken in by the spy "Cicero" are shown as unbelievably lacking in common sense. The plain fact about nearly all such episodes is that when looked at after the event they reveal a pattern and point that were quite invisible at the time, and that anyone particularly on the alert against deception would—if there had happened, as there quite well might have happened, to be nothing wrong—have been regarded as pathologically suspicious. However, fact and fiction are considerably intermingled here—apart from the introduction of a beautiful gold-digging adventuress played by DANIELLE DARRIEUX, the British ambassador in Ankara in 1944 is turned into an imaginary personage called "Sir Frederic," and, for that matter, "Heart of Oak" seems to be regarded as the British National Anthem—and it may be that in reality the authorities were, after all, a bit cleverer than this. In any event it is an entertaining film, much brightened by a good deal of amusing dialogue. In the book there was certainly no hint of that, and one might think Mr. MANKIEWICZ (of *All About Eve*) was responsible for it if the screenwriter were not named as MICHAEL WILSON. What does seem to be characteristic of the director is the light, gay tone of the affair and the way he gets his players to fall in with it. JAMES MASON handles the part of "Cicero"



The Magic Face
Himmler—SUKMAN; Janus the Great—LUTHER ADLER

with a waggish grace he has seldom had a chance to show before, and among many good small parts is a neat portrait by OSCAR KARLWEIS of the attaché Moyzisch, the author of the book.

The second one this week is also a war story, but nobody has so far vouched for any of it—though WILLIAM L.

SHIRER the war correspondent, who appears in person (with rather a Benchley look, I thought) and interjects explanatory commentary, signs off with the highly debatable statement that this is a story it is "difficult not to believe." *The Magic Face* (Director: FRANK TUTTLE) advances the proposition that from the middle of 1940 onwards Hitler was impersonated by an actor who had murdered him, all the senseless orders that helped to lose the war for Germany being given, with just that end in view, out of personal jealousy (the real Hitler having taken the actor's wife). Among the points difficult to swallow—not to mention the fact that there never seems to have been

any examination by Hitler's doctor, which would surely have been conclusive—in the persistent strength of this motive even five years after the murder; for the wiping out of an emotional triangle is normally assumed to settle such problems. But one doesn't have to believe in the picture to find it interesting, though it's stupidly disfigured



Five Fingers
Cicero—JAMES MASON; Moyzisch—OSCAR KARLWEIS

by concentration-camp scenes inserted to make a sensational show in the advertisements. LUTHER ADLER as Hitler and the impersonator is very good indeed; his imitation seems better here than it was in the Rommel film.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London it may still be possible to find *Viva Zapata!* (9/4/52); but at the moment I can't really be sure of anything except the approaching first anniversary of *La Ronde* (16/5/51). Releases include *Robin Hood* (26/3/52) for the children, and a quite good Technicolor Western, *Where the River Bends* (26/3/52).

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

Winter Journey (ST. JAMES'S)
The Young Elizabeth (NEW)

MY heart sinks when the programme tells me that the action is split into a long string of episodes, for few authors can successfully wind up a lot of separate springs. That Mr. CLIFFORD ODETS is an exception is proved by *Winter Journey*. Written with the minimum number of words and with the lean strength that can distinguish American dialogue, it shows how an unconvincing story may be turned into gripping theatre. It might have been still better had it not gone in for the kind of mystification we associate with stage crime, but the fact remains that, having spent five out of the eight scenes in questioning the details of a strange matrimonial set-up, we are then so soothed by Mr. ODETS' explanation that we accept a happy ending which is palpably unlikely.

This is a back-stage piece, and for once the tribulations of theatrical rehearsal are given vivid reality. The star having dropped out, a young producer has gambled on



[*Winter Journey*
Bernie Dodd—MR. SAM WANAMAKER; *Frank Elgin*—MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE
Georgie Elgin—MISS GOOGIE WITHERS

replacing him by a brilliant actor whose early fame has long been melted in whisky. Why the whisky, asks the producer, determined to get him on the rails again. My wife, replies the actor in a touching burst of confidence, is a hopeless neurotic, jealous of my career. For the whole of the first act the behaviour of his wife, who is watching out for the initial bottle with a cynical vigilance that is cold and unnerving, might bear this out, though we are puzzled. The producer regards her as the enemy. Not until the actor passes out at an advanced stage of rehearsal do we reach the truth, that she is a gallant woman who has borne a little too long the crazy deceipts of a weak man ashamed. Once she and the producer are on the same side everything goes swimmingly, and an impeccably teetotal first night puts the actor again at the top of the ladder. An awfully rickety ladder, we cannot help murmuring, but there—the play has hit us hard and has even been rather moving.

Its hero must be sympathetic and craven at the same time; his talent must never be entirely submerged. Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE explores his character with so much resource that the performance is constantly exciting. Miss GOOGIE WITHERS treads with beautiful precision the tightrope on which the

author has set her, and Mr. SAM WANAMAKER, a young American actor of uncommon power, deals faultlessly with a hyper-sensitive kernel in a very tough nut. The actual as well as the fictional producer, he puts this fast-moving play across in a way that should keep it in King Street for a long time.

The dangers of the episodic method are clearer in *The Young Elizabeth*, by Miss JENNETTE DOWLING and Mr. FRANCIS LETTON. It unrolls very quietly, a careful piece of historical tapestry. If there are few surprises, it is not the authors' fault that we know who is the next for Tower Hill, and the development of *Elizabeth* from a romping girl to the wary statesman of her accession is skilfully done. Miss MARY MORRIS demonstrates this development very ably, and Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT's Katherine Parr, Miss PEGGY THORPE-BATES's Mary and Mr. JOSEPH O'CONOR's Seymour are all sound.

Recommended

Much Ado About Nothing (Phoenix), in every way a model production of our most modern author. *Relative Values* (Savoy) is a neat Coward comedy, and *The White Sheep of the Family* (Piccadilly) is ideal for mixed ages.

ERIC KEOWN



[*The Young Elizabeth*
Elizabeth Tudor—MISS MARY MORRIS

BOOKING OFFICE

Highly Commended

A Step to Silence. P. H. Newby. *Cape*, 12/6.
Children of Kaywana. Edgar Mittelhölzer. *Nevill*, 16/-.
The Little Misery. François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 9/6.
The Circus in the Attic. Robert Penn Warren. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 15/-.

THE climate of the novel has changed so gradually that it is not until one compares a typical contemporary novel with one written twenty years ago that the difference is apparent. Strength, innocence, the desolation of the heart, are themes that engage the novelist of to-day; I doubt if any literary prophet in 1932 would have forecast these preoccupations. It is a pity that we have apparently lost the sense of social complexity; but we have gained a refreshed awareness of the individuality of man.

Mr. P. H. Newby, immensely capable and still rather baffling, adds innocence and experience to the loyalty and independence that have hitherto engaged his attention. *A Step to Silence* is set in a teachers' training college for men in the months before Munich. As usual, grotesque episode is described in cool, precise prose. The hero is eighteen and comes under the influence of an older student, another version of the author's earlier "Mariner." He breaks what seems inescapable dependence on a man he distrusts by enlisting. The story has Mr. Newby's usual narrative grip and its implications are stimulating but inconclusive. There is some danger in the fact that his admirers are content to accept occasional bewilderment as their own fault; but I am ready to trust myself to him, even when I am half doubtful of the goal to which his novels are so purposefully heading.

Children of Kaywana investigates strength and weakness in the heredity of a family who play a large part in the development of British Guiana. This highly-coloured historical novel is full of blood and lust and torture and fighting and scene-painting. The climax of the slave rebellion is a magnificent piece of tale-telling. It is not, however, just another bid for filming, because the author is Mr. Edgar Mittelhölzer, whose very original approach to character and society has been proved in his previous novels. He always walks round a subject, instead of staying grimly planted in front of it, and though the shift in viewpoint is sometimes so abrupt that it wrenches at the reader, the gain in perspective offsets the intermittent dislocation of attention. For two-thirds of the novel the setting is the eighteenth century; the blurb writer, who thinks it all takes place in the early seventeenth, must have given up early.

As Mr. Gerard Hopkins' translations of M. François Mauriac's novels pile up, the weaknesses of this extraordinary novelist become more obvious and there is a danger of forgetting his strength. *The Little Misery* (Le Sagouin) is a long-short story about the

unwanted child of a degenerate aristocrat and the embittered daughter of a mayor of Bordeaux. She has aroused gossip by an innocent friendship with a curé, and when the radical schoolmaster refuses to teach the son because he fears entanglement with the mother, the drooling father drowns himself with his son, who is not really mentally deficient but only brutalized. The force of M. Mauriac's writing sometimes makes the reader accept his problems and their solution too easily. The religious level is less explicit than usual; it can be taken that the author considers that justice was done and hopes that mercy followed. The more one reads Mauriac the more one feels that if at his best his obvious illustrator is El Greco, at his worst it is Mr. Charles Addams. Nine-and-sixpence seems a lot to pay for under a hundred pages of large print.

Mr. Robert Penn Warren needs plenty of room to elaborate incident and develop character. The short stories collected in *The Circus in the Attic* are all interesting and novel; but they seem to represent a fragmentation of the talents that fused so magnificently in "All the King's Men." They are concerned with tragedy in Southern communities, a tragedy arising from the contrast between the fertility of the land and the desolation of the hearts that beat against it.

R. G. G. PRICE

King Solomon's Ring. Konrad Z. Lorenz. *Methuen*, 15/-.

Introducing this book, Professor Julian Huxley seems prepared to rank its author with Fabre. That will be contested; but in *King Solomon's Ring* Dr. Lorenz has certainly written a most engaging account



of experiments with birds and small animals. He makes us see through his eyes, follow his deductions from his observations, but leaves us able to marvel only at his limitless patience. He is aware of the humorous side of his experiment of "imprinting" wild mallard ducklings with the belief that he is their mother, a feat achieved by talking their "language." This, he insists, is, like all other animal languages, a system of code-signals, comparable in no other way with even the most primitive human speech. His account of his jackdaw colony at Altenberg is charming, if sometimes sentimentalized—but who could resist his father's description of them as "the perennial retainers"? Dr. Lorenz still further enlivens his book by deft marginal sketches, and the translation by Marjorie Kerr Wilson is excellent.

R. C. S.

Patrice Periot. Georges Duhamel; translated from the French by E. F. Bozman. *Dent*, 11/6.

A novel by Bourget, famous in its day, represented the sinister effects of climbing too quickly out of your class. The individual adjusts himself, the race doesn't. A similar situation is nobly treated, with domestic, French and world-wide implications, in *Patrice Periot*. A great biologist of working-class origin finds himself sucked into Communist polities. The publicist the party demands threatens to supplant the disinterested, solitude-loving scientist, as the scientist has already supplanted the head of the family. His four motherless children are at loggerheads with each other and with

him; save for one somewhat *exalté* young Catholic who has the sense to see that his acidly Communist sister is searching for what he himself has found. A suicide brings the tragedy to a head; and its eager exploitation by the Press shows the pack appetite at its most cruel. Yet like all great work, M. Duhamel's novel is more striking for what it suggests than for what it depicts.

H. P. E.

The Next Million Years. Charles Galton Darwin. *Hart-Davis*, 15/-.

Lessons from the future, like lessons from the past, can usefully assist in determining present policies. A really long view of what is practicable should enable humanity to seize its opportunities without wasting time on Utopias. In *The Next Million Years* Sir Charles Darwin employs the laws of probability, as used in the physical sciences, to predict with stimulating caution the average history of humanity over this period. The prospect is bleak, dominated by the vain effort of food production to outpace population. Yet the reader, like the author, is left feeling that the future is an adventure immensely worth while. Perhaps this is because the real future will lie in man's ability to live outside and above the bleakness; the Eskimos, living on the starvation margin, are, as Sir Charles records, a cheerful race. Perhaps, too, this ability is a scientific fact, not sufficiently taken into account in the author's premises. Taken fully into account, it might make the prediction much less bleak.

III

SHORTER NOTES

The Life and Times of Edward Alleyn. G. L. Hosking. *Cape*, 15/-.

Odd jumble of information more or less related to the Elizabethan actor-manager who founded Dulwich. An interesting scrapbook for the general reader that ranges from Early English Drama to the bombing of the Dulwich Picture Gallery. Even the general reader, however, can reasonably expect that a name as famous as Sir John Soane's shall be got right.

East Versus West. Lieut-General Sir Giffard Martel. *Museum Press*, 12/6.

A military appreciation of the prospects for world peace. General Martel likes: professional soldiers, "area warfare," and Mr. Winston Churchill. He is against: the Left Wing, all-purpose tanks, conscription and Field-Marshal Montgomery. The strength of his beliefs can be gauged from the fact that he wrote to Lord Montgomery in April 1944 "and suggested that he might like some advice on the handling of armoured forces."

Queen Elizabeth I. Milton Waldman. *Collins*, 7/6.

By virtue of a gift for lucid economy in narrative and exposition Mr. Waldman has contrived to get into a hundred and fifty small pages the story of a queen whose life was both long and eventful and whose character was far from simple. Occasional over-simplification was perhaps inevitable, but nothing essential to a living portrait has been omitted.

A Play Toward. Elizabeth Coxhead. *Faber*, 12/6.

A Midland Grammar School, the head's charming wife (helped—and hindered—by a terribly intelligent small daughter) producing *The Dream* for a charity garden-fête, ugly complications among the staff. A slight story but convincing and charmingly told.

Never Wake a Dead Man. Brandon Bird. *Constable*, 10/6.

Rather suffocatingly atmospheric tale of murder and impersonation in West Virginia. Clues fair enough but puzzle over-complicated. Detailed descriptions of local food and the hero's passion for it. He is apparently unable to sup full of horrors, amply as these are provided.



"Now then, finish up your dinner
or you'll stop here until you do."

THE DETECTIVE IN ME

THE woman whose child I was cajoled into minding altered in time. At first, when I arrived at 10 A.M., she almost salaamed. She had ready a tray holding a small decorative teapot, with a milk-jug, sugar-bowl and hot-water jug to match. She served it to me alone, in front of the gas fire in the morning-room.

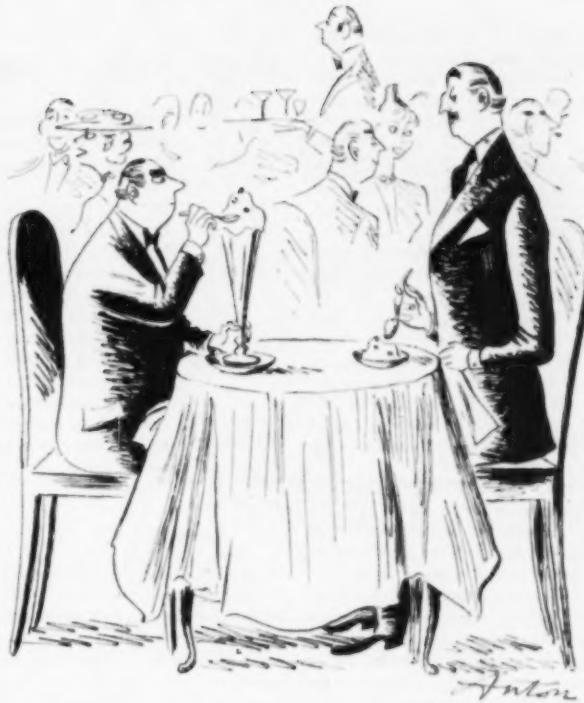
Somehow or other, though within a fortnight we were all in the kitchen; she, the child and myself. She keeps telling me how economical she is. Mrs. Beeton herself, when she lived in the ten-shilling ring on Epsom Downs, could not have been more economical than my employer. She begins her day, she says, by bringing junior down at 8 A.M. and putting him in his high-chair. Thenceforward it is nothing but pure economy, everything done with a minimum of time and material. The fire, for instance! Just a few newspaper rosettes, a small handful of wood, coal, an applied match, the erection left alone and she has a blazing fire in ten minutes, she says. It is a special way of arranging the interstices that does the trick. A planned time-table maintained. All this, mind you, as she fixes my eye across the table, with one forearm resting on the cloth and the other arm outstretched behind her swishing the tea round in the family pot.

She also has great aspirations for the child. For myself, I am not so sure. It is his brains I am thinking of, not his voice. It had snowed for two days the other morning when I got him in his pram and up the road. All at once he threw off his balaclava helmet and then began yelling because his ears were cold.

I was in a predicament. He would neither have the helmet replaced nor stop yelling. I was wondering what policy to adopt when a man came down the drive of his house and asked me to do something as his own child was asleep.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"His ears are cold," I replied.



"Well, put his helmet on."

I clarified the situation. He opened the gate.

"Young man," he said, "when you've had five of your own you'll be able to cope with a little matter like this."

He took the helmet and leaned over the pram. The child screamed harder. So wide was his mouth that I should not have recognized him but for knowing that I had brought him out.

Even the man was surprised.

"His lungs are all right," he said.

"Yes, they are, aren't they?" I agreed.

He straightened himself and brushed the garden hedge. It was laden with powdered snow and, for a few seconds, the three of us and the pram resembled a sledging scene in one of those glass globes they sell at Christmas.

"I shall have to put the hood up," I said.

"You can't do that now," he

contended; "apart from his ears his head's covered with snow."

"Yes, it is," I said.

"And you'll have to do something about that din," he went on. "There are people in this road listening out for the rag-bone man."

"There now," I said.

"I'll tell you what, bring him in," the man invited.

"But your child's asleep."

"Don't bother about that," he said. "She probably awoke when he stepped up at first, let alone now."

"My wife's out for the morning," he said as he ushered the child and myself into a room. "The rest of the children are at school. It's warm in here. The central heating's working for once. It usually doesn't."

At this stage the child stopped crying.

"Good," the man said. "Keep him in here until he calms down. Let him do what he likes as long as

he's quiet. It doesn't matter, this is the children's play-room."

He departed. I opened my newspaper. The child approached me and said "A-waw, a-waw!"

I gathered that he wanted the newspaper, so I detached a page and gave it to him. Slowly, he crumpled it and put it in the empty grate. He came to me again. I gave him the rest of the paper except for the page I was reading. He put that in the grate too.

I began to sense what was ayeasting in him—heredity.

There was a box of chopped wood near the hearth. He put that on the paper. By the time he had exhausted it there was enough wood in the grate to light three fires. He approached me again.

"Ack-nick, ack-nick," he uttered. He wanted more wood.

"Woodie-aw, woodie-aw," I explained, telling him the truth as children should always be told.

His mouth began to open wide and, remembering what the man had said, I raised the sloping lid of the coal-scuttle. I pulled his feeder from beneath and let it hang over his coat. The man had asked for silence and he should have it. I could always put the stuff back again.

But before touching the coal the child lay at full length with his head in the grate and blew into the paper and wood. I watched him, fascinated. I had never seen anyone blow a cold fire before. Surely his mother didn't do that!

DAISY

IT is my belief, the daisy said,
that a bright morning face
has still its own plain grace.

By this, I do not mean
the cheap, false cordiality of Babbitt
but rather that serene
sweet naturalness which was the gentle habit
of women once to wear,
a gentleness—not meekness—which could bear
alike the sun's hot stare
and the indifferent, averted grief
of a grey sky.
It is by holding fast to that belief
that daisies still continue as they do
to face the eye of day—
and women, too.

R. C. SCRIVEN

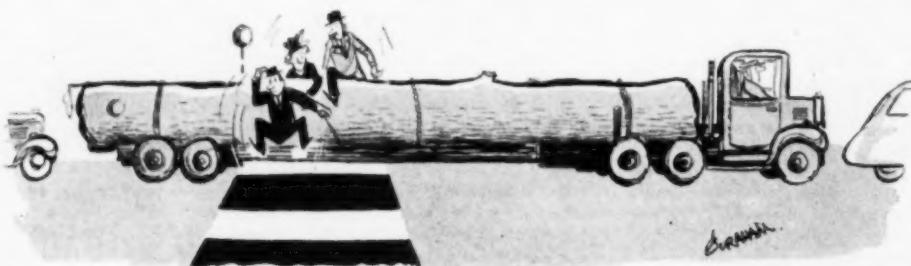
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At length he rose and put the coal on the wood. All of it. By the time the scuttle was empty the top of the coal was almost out of sight up the chimney. The child disappeared behind a chair and tottered out with the coal shovel. It was a broad one with a wooden handle. He contrived to balance it on the bar of the grate with the top of the handle resting against the canopy. He came to me again.

"A-waw, a-waw," he demanded. I gave him the last sheet of newspaper. He placed it across the

shovel and the draught caught and sucked it to the apertures. The child stood back and silently regarded his work.

If anything, I had been more enwrapped than he. But I emerged. I had posed the syllogism, completed my ratiocination, and—my employer was undone. As opposed to being economical, she was lavish. I had proof. It may be objected that the child had no sense of quantity—or he could have watched someone else make a fire. But his mother's shovel! Why was the handle of that charred?



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Let us begin at the beginning

First, the fire unit is made of high duty chrome alloy. So it can be kept permanently at a very high temperature; and this heat cannot escape, because the whole cooker is heavily insulated. Now once the fire unit is up to that very high temperature, it takes only a little fuel to keep it there.

Like your car. You may do only 25 m.p.g. when you are eternally stopping and starting. But on a long journey you expect, say, 40 m.p.g. The Aga is always 'cruising' economically.

That is the first part of the secret.



Now let us start looking round

The boiling plate on the left boils water from cold at the rate of a pint a minute. This plate holds three 8-pint pans at a time.

On this plate you also fry, grill and toast.



The unique feature of the Aga is the simmering plate.

for slow cooking of casseroles, stews and soups

for gently cooking creamy milk puddings

for overnight cooking of hams, stock — and porridge

for bottling fruit

for finishing off vegetables in their own steam, after starting them on the boiling plate

for warming plates and dishes safely

and



The Aga is wonderfully clean, immensely labour-saving... and costly? **Anything but!**

It couldn't be cheaper to run. Its fuel bill is roughly a shilling a day. Compare this with what you pay now for cooking and water-heating!

It is the only cooker and water heater that can be bought on a 5-year Hire Purchase. If you do this it costs you £2 a month (say 10/- a week or 1.6 a day).

The Aga is guaranteed for 10 years — but it will last for generations!



And this, best beloved, is the story of the **AGA**

Regd. Trade Mark

So we only need a fire which will replace the heat you use — to 'top up' the fire unit.

When you start cooking, the thermostat opens automatically to increase the draught; when you stop using the Aga, the thermostat closes and the fire slumbers.



When you need heat



When the cooker slumbers

You have no adjusting to do. The thermostat does all that for you automatically. That is the second part of the secret.

In brief, the chrome alloy fire unit, plus the thermostatically controlled fire, are the basic reasons why

1. The Aga is guaranteed not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year however much you use it.

2. The Aga burns continuously, day in day out, year after year.

3. It is always ready for immediate use at any time.

4. You never have to wait for the right cooking temperatures, or struggle with dampers and switches.

5. You have no morning fire to light, no clinkers to clear.



On the right you have the simmering plate. This also holds three 8-pint pans. Nothing can boil over on this plate, not even milk.

When you are not using the hotplates you shut the lids down to stop heat escaping.



The top oven is for roasting and baking. Meat roasted in this oven need not be basted and will not shrink — besides, it tastes better. Bread and cakes, scones and biscuits are baked quite beautifully.

This top oven

is always hot, always ready. Will easily take a 20 lb. turkey. Is evenly heated all round. Has a vent to carry off

steam and smells. Automatically carbonises anything spilled inside. All the cleaning it ever needs is an occasional brush out.

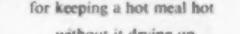
But wait



for keeping a hot meal hot

without it drying up

when he "is kept late at the office"



And all the time, day and night, without any attention and without in any way interfering with your cooking, the Aga is heating your water.

You will get three piping-hot baths every day and plenty of washing-up water all day long.

You will forget there ever was such a thing as 'boiler-trouble'.



Aga models from £90 to £123, ex works



AGA HEAT LTD

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The word Aga is a registered Trade Mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

Heads of State



and heads ahead

of most wear hats by . . .

Lincoln Bennett

162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from
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your feet must breathe



*Foot perspiration is healthy but . . .
it must escape. Only leather soles
allow that. For health and comfort
there's nothing like leather.*

Ask... is it REAL leather?

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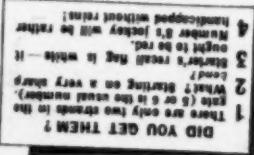


Can you spot the "deliberate mistakes" which the artist has made in this drawing? (To check your answers, turn the advertisement upside down.) It pays you to have expert knowledge of your favourite sport—and it pays, too, to know which

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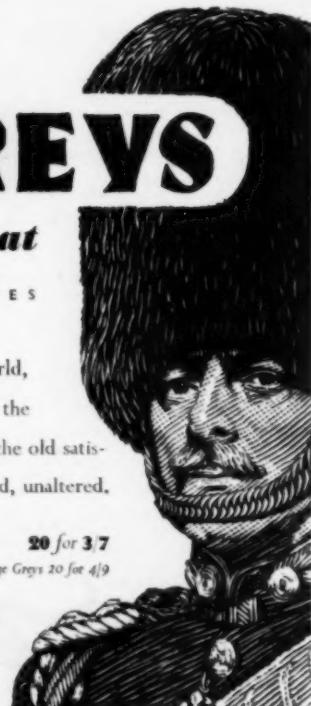
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Comfort in high places



Sizes 14½" to 17"
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Price 67s. 6d.
(includes
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Whether you are scaling the Langdales or on more usual occasions at ground level, you will feel at home in a 'Viyella' shirt. It is admirably tailored in exclusive checks or herringbone weaves, in the convenient coat style.

The cut of the collar is such that you can be your formal or informal self according to taste.

And 'Viyella' shirts serve you faithfully for years, always preserving their fine, luxurious texture.

We shall be happy to supply a selection of patterns (and if necessary the name of your nearest shop) on request to Dept. P4/S, Viyella House, Nottingham.

There's nothing to equal
'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAVELLA' AND 'VIYELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM



what's so exceptional

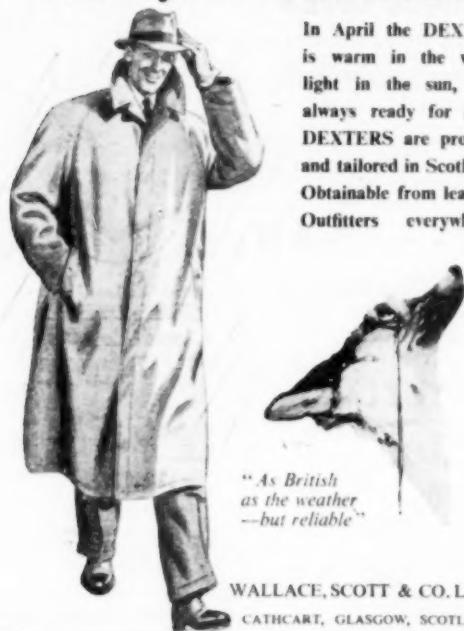
about

DAKS

One might say it's the comfortable self-supporting waistband, another that it's their superb hang, or the length of time they last. All true. But back of these there is the uncommon quality of the cloth in which Daks are tailored, whether it be Daks worsteds, specially woven with a two-fold warp and weft, Daks pin-points, gabardines, or corduroys. No wonder that more and more men, both here and abroad, will wear no other trousers but Daks!

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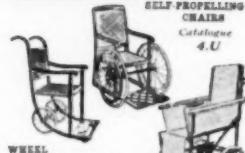
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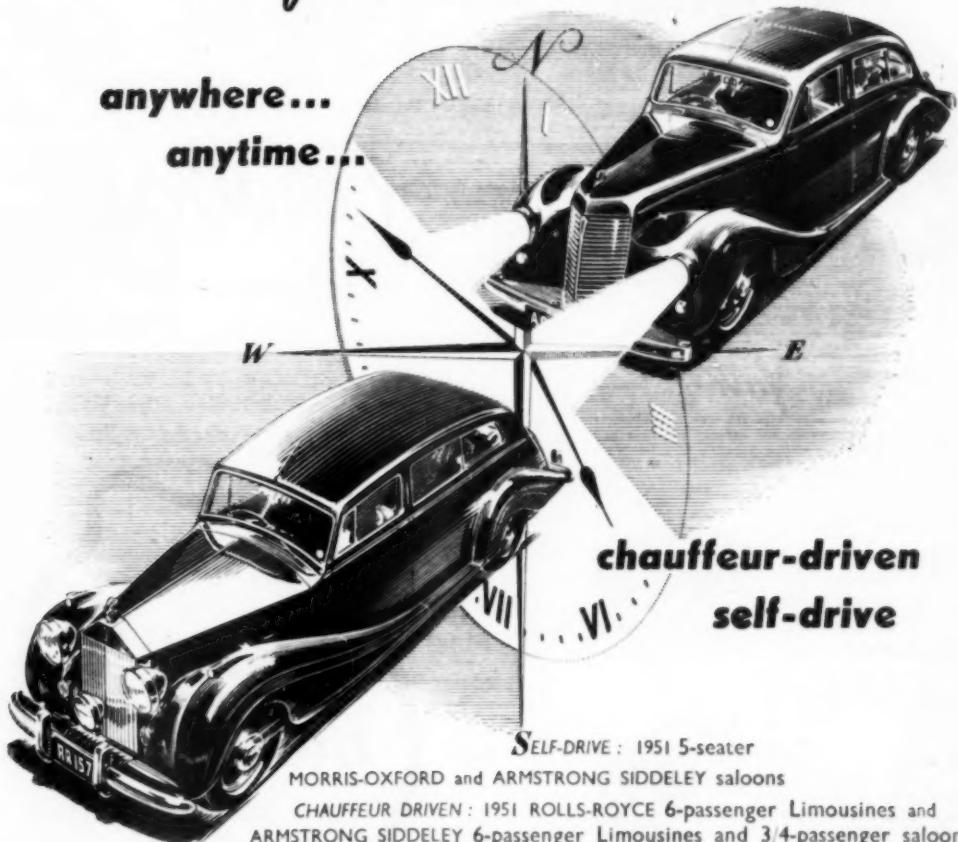
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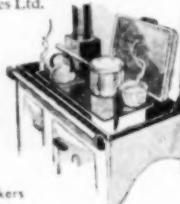


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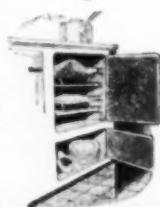


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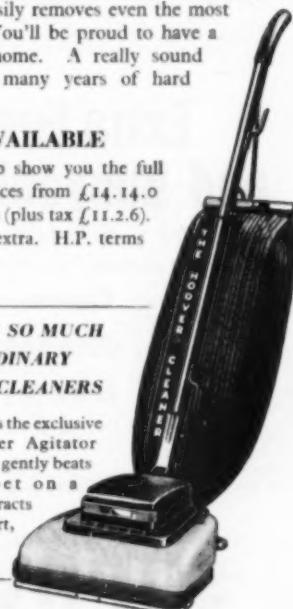
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Literature with pleasure from:
The ESSE Cooker Company, Prop. : Smith & Wellstood Ltd., East. 1854
Bromleybridge, Stirlingshire
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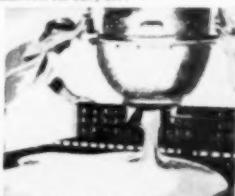
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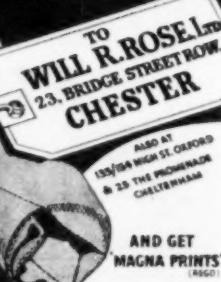
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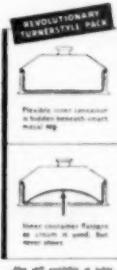
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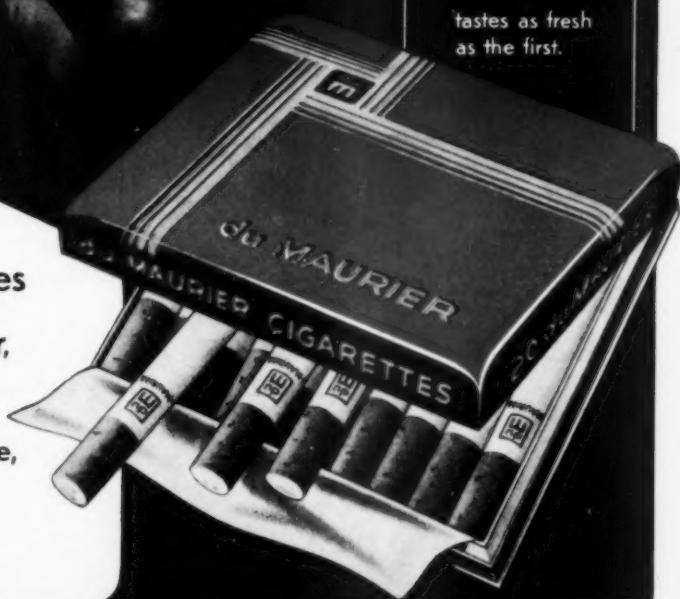
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